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# THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXVIII No. 2195 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEBRUARY 14 1942



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Volume CLXVIII No. 2195 The SPHERE, London, February 14, 1942

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 14, 1942

**THE CAPTAIN OF BRITAIN'S LATEST CAPITAL SHIP: CAPTAIN C. H. J. HARCOURT, O.B.E., R.N., ON THE BRIDGE OF THE BATTLESHIP "DUKE OF YORK," NEWEST VESSEL OF THE ROYAL NAVY TO JOIN THE FLEET**

The importance of the Capital Ship in maintaining supremacy of the seas is, by this time, well known to all—if only through the unhappy sequence of events in the Far East brought about by the loss of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* in Malayan waters. The newest of these big vessels to join the Fleet is the *Duke of York*—third of the King George V. class, to which the *Prince of Wales* also belonged. *Duke of York* was laid down on Clydebank on May 5, 1937: she was launched on September 16, 1939. She has a displacement of 35,000 tons, is 739 ft. in length and 103 ft. in beam: her armament consists of ten 14-in. guns, sixteen 5·25 guns, four multiple pom-poms and smaller guns. Upon Captain Harcourt, her commander, depends the safety of both ship and personnel of 1,500. Before his assumption of this new command, Captain Harcourt served as the Director of the Operations Division at the Admiralty, to which he was appointed in 1939, after having been in command of the Australian Flotilla

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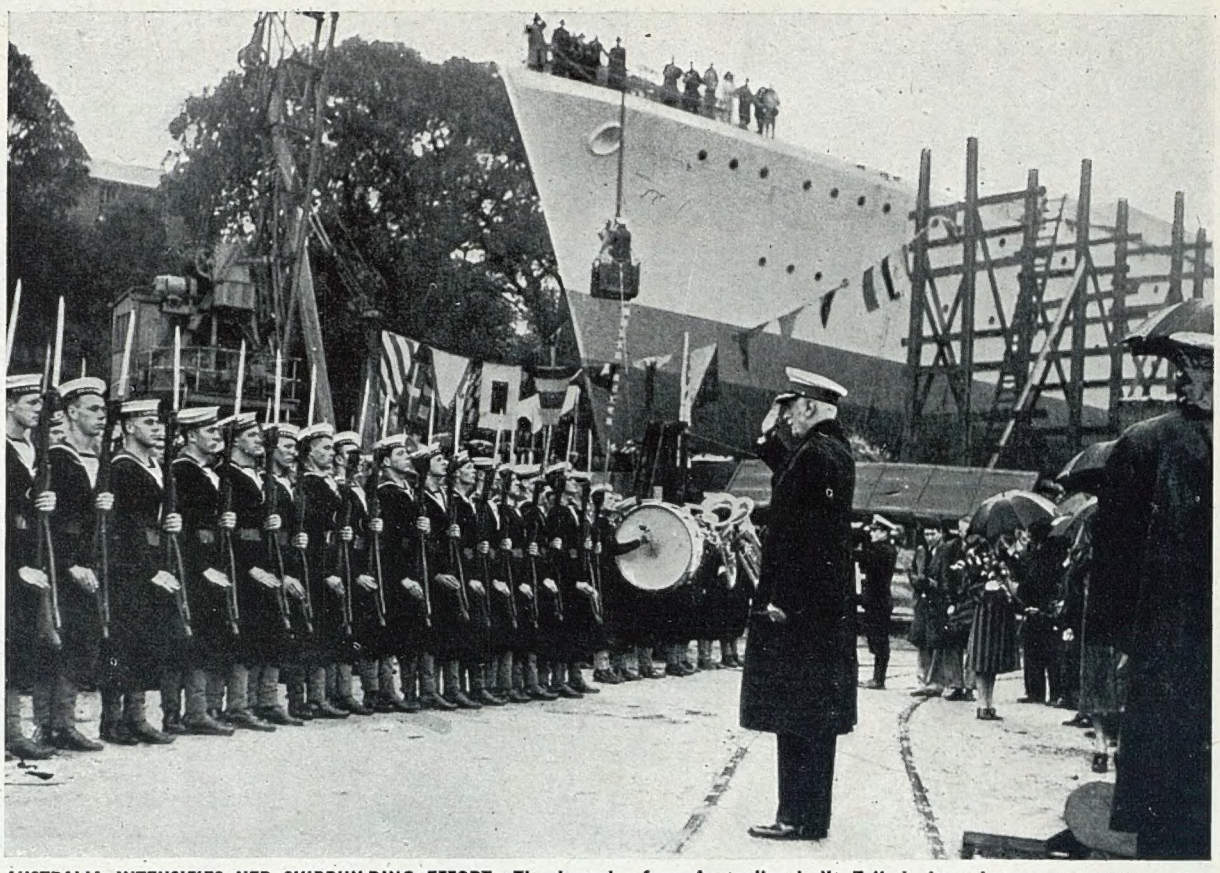
# A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 128

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

**The Best Claret.**—Critics of our "one-man" Government were put in their places in *The Great Debate*, kissed the rod (as we thought) and left the House a Band of Brothers. In that debate, as I said, Mr. Churchill never once went on his knees. He elected for a Minister of Production, first and foremost because his visit to America satisfied him that such a post had become necessary to conform with United States organisation. He committed himself not a whit to reforming his Ministry. Soon enough after the debate the Ministry of Production was announced and a few hours later the great reform of the Ministry It turned out to be no more than a shuffle of the old pack. Lord Beaverbrook took the new Ministry, and Sir Andrew Duncan returned to his former post of Supply Minister. A few Under-Secretaries swopped offices and got rewarded with peerage or Privy Councillorship. And a few hours later still, the heads of the critics bobbed up again, and some recalled the old *Punch* chestnut of the Victorian dinner-host whispering to his parlourmaid: "Is this the *best* claret, Mary?" "The best you 've *got*, Sir." Is this the best Ministry which Britain in her hour of supreme crisis can achieve? Mr. Churchill thinks so. Critical Mary qualifies it as the best Mr. Churchill will release for his party. You and I are hardly in a position to judge if Lord Beaverbrook is the best possible Minister of Production. We hear his wireless broadcasts and like or dislike them, according to our individual tastes. They do not give us any clear hints of his qualities for a vital war department, and we live too cloistered a life to hear authoritative opinions, though we read a good deal of very frank criticism of the Premier in the columns of a journal "founded by Lord Beaverbrook." (If *we* tried such critical flights, we might get rapped over the knuckles politely.) We have always vaguely heard good things of Sir Andrew Duncan. We had rather hoped Sir Stafford would be found a place in a Government which needs to know a good deal about the temper and nature of Soviet Russia, now that we accept Stalin as our mentor and guide and schoolmaster in the art of war and war production—a swift and stimulating *volte-face* from the British attitude before May 1941. As for the junior fry, shuffled or kicked up by the rearrangement, perhaps we underrate their superior qualities from the fact that so few years ago they were our fags at school; so few years ago were bright young things, newly elected to Parliament under the grand old principles of that outworn age of privilege which was such an unconscionable time a-dying. In short, we cannot judge if Mr. Churchill's claret is the *best*, or the best he will offer us. It remains for us as polite guests—another phrase in times of total war for "patriotic citizens"—to sip his claret and look pleasant, even if we cannot roll it round our tongues.

**Written in a Tunnel.**—Winter and war's inevitable delays and set-backs make the tunnel, through which we are labouring to the light, seem darker and danker than perhaps it is, and the little light at the end of it appears to be a will-o'-the-wisp. Crusoe had a way of dealing with this state of things. He would get out a balance-sheet and set his gains against his losses. Let us do the same; even if the items on the credit side appear more trivial than those on the debit side, let us admit that we can accurately weigh the credit assets, while we cannot weigh or estimate most of the debits. (If the end seems to-day remote, let us remember how remote it seemed in March 1918.) Here are some credit items: Our world is tumbling about our ears. Civilisation moves nearer and nearer to bankruptcy and every day its store of treasures and savings diminishes in the universal destruction. Black and



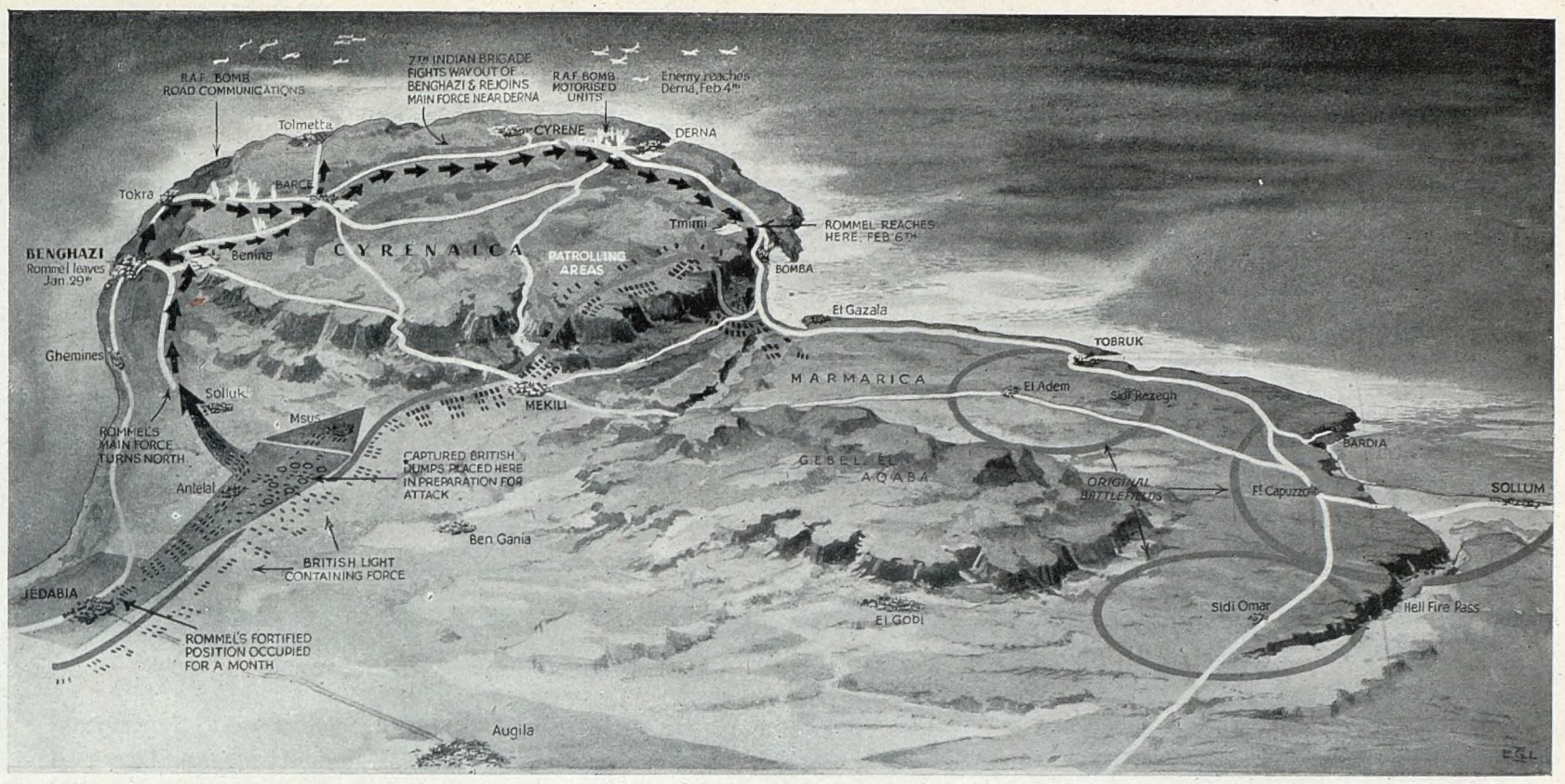
**AUSTRALIA INTENSIFIES HER SHIPBUILDING EFFORT—The launch of an Australian-built Tribal class destroyer:** Many new shipyards have been opened in Australia to take part in an extensive shipbuilding programme. The Commonwealth has already built naval vessels which have proved their high quality on service. In this picture a naval guard is seen presenting arms as the Governor of Australia, Lord Gowrie, arrives at the dockyard to witness the launching of a new destroyer

true . . . but: (1) How we have lightened our burden of living by parting with so many luxuries which we had come to regard as necessities! Such things as "keeping up appearances," seven-course dinners of ceremony, seventeen suits appropriate to seventeen social occasions, worship of possessions, anxiety for the economic future, personal ambitions, the slavery of fashion and conventions, the hideous grind of achieving holidays and recreations demanded of our "positions" in the social system; (2) How pleasant to live each day for that day alone and to count its blessings and to thank God for its potential misfortunes spared us. To eat each meal with the appetite that comes from hard work and with the zest that comes from uncertainty whether the next meal will be as punctual and satisfying. To sleep with the easy conscience derived from essential work done not for self, but for country; (3) To regard all one's neighbours, without distinction of class or creed, as allies and brothers, of like mind and like passions with oneself; and to know that within this village, this island and this Empire there is no obvious enemy, rival, quisling or what-not, but that (with allowance for human frailty, democratic criticism and the national proneness to grousing) we are a band of brothers, with all our enemies outside the walls of our fortress; (4) In a word, to have at long last simplified daily existence (despite the multiplicity and complexity of war regulations) in essentials to an almost Arcadian ideal; to value our daily bread as a luxury; our daily labours as a privilege and not as a virtue or a sacrifice; to count our purse as trash; to leave our future to Providence; and to thank God for each hour's (and not each year's) immunity from grievous misfortune. Middle-aged men have lived through two major World Wars. A heavy misfortune; yet no one of them, writing in 1912, could truthfully or sincerely have set down in his autobiography: "*Et ego in Arcadia vixi.*" To-day we can set that down.

**Hitting Back.**—When, at the beginning of a prize-fight, your champion is caught bending and for a round or two receives all the punishment and gives nothing in return, you welcome with especial zest a third round which reveals him still unshaken and shows that he has opened his pepper-box. It is so in the Pacific prize-fight. All good allies in a great cause are *rivals*. Rivals in chivalry, rivals in "delivering the goods." They would not be good allies in war if they were not so; for it is deeds and blows which alone count. Hence our pleasure to read that the United States have recovered from the first shattering blows in the Pacific and have shaken up their pepper-box and given Japan a taste of the same medicine. And the fruits of the Pacific allies' Macassar victory are not less welcome fare. One of the chief reasons why these last weeks have been unusually depressing in England (apart from the filthy weather) is this: most Englishmen must have felt keenly that (no doubt for unavoidable reasons) Russia has been far too long bearing the weight, and winning the palm, of spectacular counter-stroke against the enemy. None (not even Russia) denies that our industrial effort has helped to make that spectacular success possible and has greatly weakened our own chance of sharing in the glory. The fact remains that for many weeks our part, and America's, has been the humbler part of helping in the factories, and the humiliating part of taking knock after knock, and defeat after defeat, always in the Pacific, and latterly again in Cyrenaica. Small wonder, then, if we welcome and rejoice in any and every proof that we are showing signs of aggression and initiative again and not merely pursuing the melancholy and too familiar role of retiring according to plan. The truth about the Allies' respective shares in the great effort against Nazi-ism is not obscure. History takes note of it, and every type of effort is necessary and important. But it is human nature in war to applaud and to achieve the spectacular part, and Britain and America must come into the spotlight again. We in Britain feel, I think, that (owing to a variety of causes) we have lived too long on our *reputation*. The time has come to cease to remind the world in Parliament, in the Press and on the air that we bore the brunt alone for many months, and to cease to be satisfied when the civilised world praises us for it. We want to be out in the field, and *doing* again, where the spectacular glory is to be won. There is glory enough being won by our men "in dull routine" in the air and in the Seven Seas all day long and all night long, God knows; but, human nature being what it is, this national reaction is natural and estimable. May it have food to feed on, in the Pacific and in North Africa. Sometimes I think that "we forget because we must." It does not do to realise how frail and palsied is human judgment in war. I lit on a "leader" yesterday from one of our greatest "dailies," and, as I bundled it up for salvage, I read these words: "Now that any threat to Egypt is for ever removed, and Cyrenaica is finally cleared of the enemy . . ." It was dated January 16, no earlier than that! Yes, we must get back into the picture.

**An Athenian Orator.**—I am wishful to set on record the speech delivered at the end of January by Mr. Hughes, last-war Premier of the Commonwealth. That speech had too little, and could not have too much, publicity. There was about it a classic nobility, dignity, courage, wisdom, justice and high resolution which recalled the great days of Athens in her troubles in the wars with Persia and Sparta. Mr. Hughes courageously rebuked ill-judged and hasty anti-British and anti-Empire propaganda in Australia, and named as quislings those who gave it forth. He made these points: "Australia in the past century and more has owed her immunity from attack solely to Britain's command of the sea, and has found in Britain her best, and for some products her only, customer. Britain taxed her people to give preference to Australian products and to maintain Australia's immunity from attack. The loss of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* occurred when Britain was fighting Australia's battle, as well as her own. Australians should take an *Empire* view of the war, not a merely national view. Australia, like Britain, during the vital years of preparation for the inevitable, lived on in a world of cricket and unrealities. Since 1939 she has done much, but she could do much more. Each part of the Empire must defend its own territory to the limit before calling for aid from the rest. This war can only be won by a united Australia standing side by side with a united Empire." To that fine array of arguments I would add but one rider: If Britain had ever underrated or understated the greatness of the debt which she and the Empire owe to the imperishable loyalty and courage of Australia's fighting men in times of danger, reason would that to-day heady critics in Australia might gird at Britain. But no Australian can with justice make that assertion. The military glory of Australian Arms is commemorated in English history as imperishably as those of the heroes of Marathon in Greek history. And (we know) the history of this war and victory will lay new green laurels upon the unfading wreath of 1914-18.

THE OLD STAGER

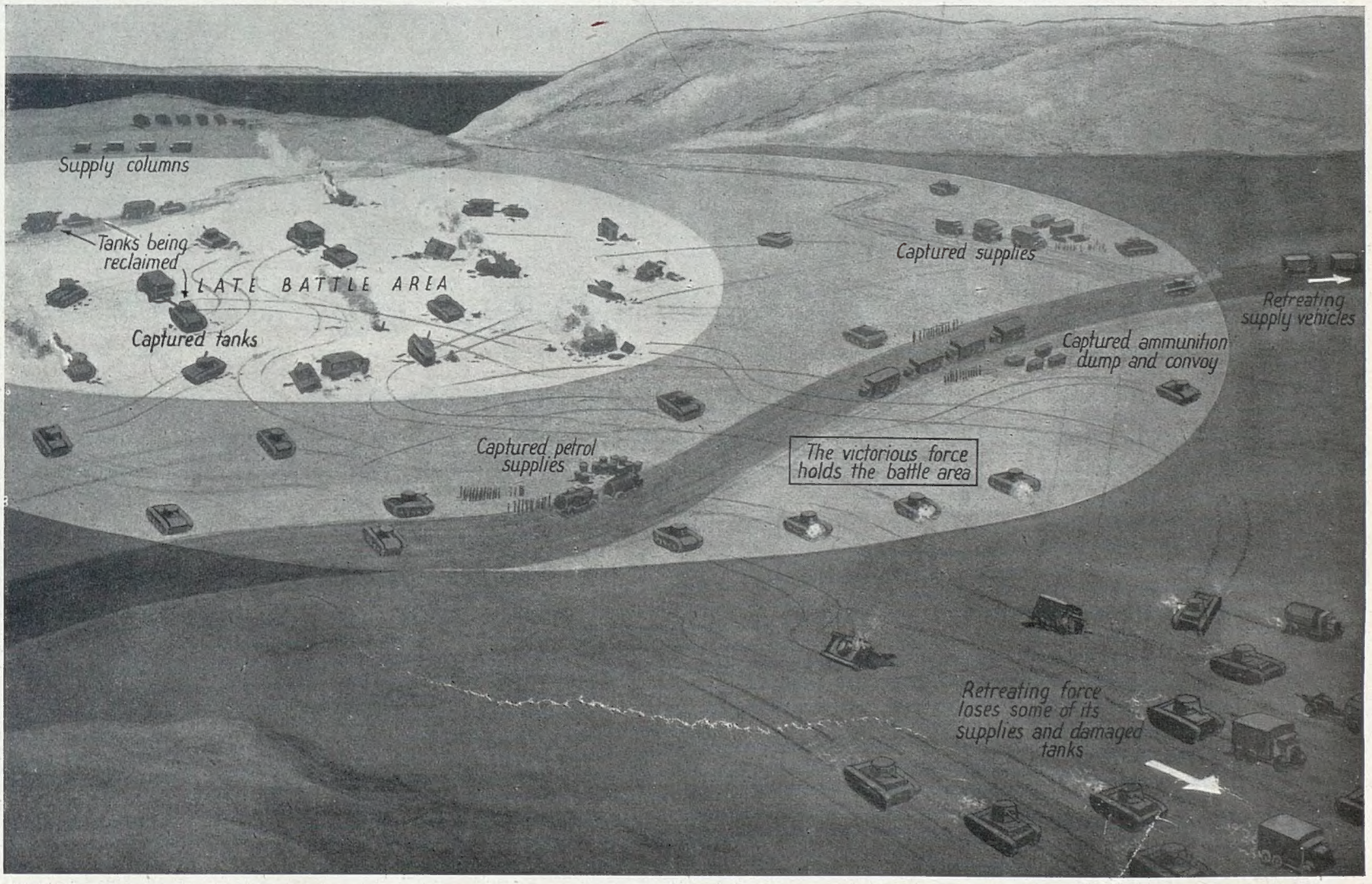



**GENERAL ROMMEL'S DARING RETURN THRUST TOWARDS GAZALA AND TOBRUK : The Tmimi region reached on February 6, after the Axis forces had broken out from their positions at Jedabia, where they had been contained by General Ritchie for a month**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

## The FIGHTING in the DESERT

### General Rommel's Sortie from Jedabia, and His Advance Across the Cyrenaican Plateau

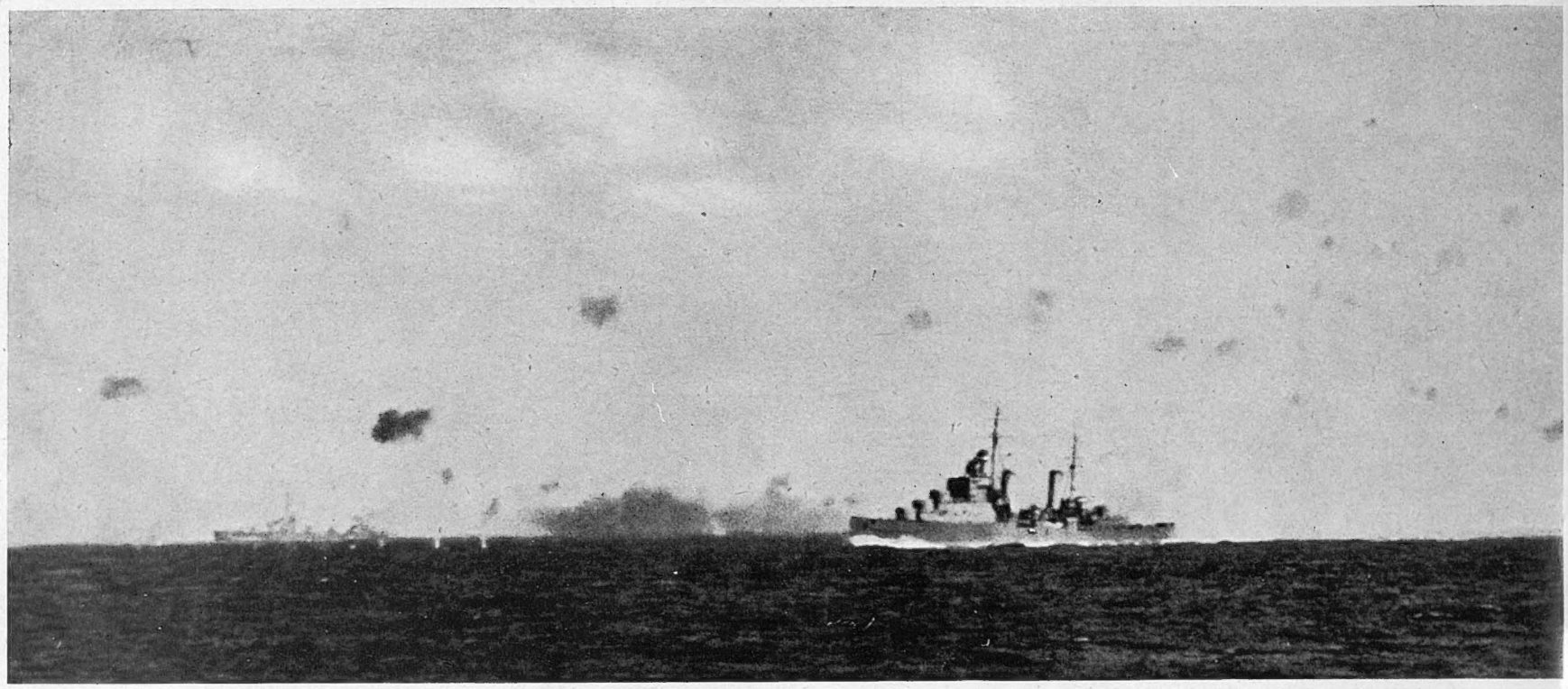
It was on December 21 that General Rommel arrived in the Jedabia area after his dash from the Sidi Rezegh battle area. Part of his force passed through Benghazi, whence came the (perhaps misleading) report that a meagre twenty-five tanks were accompanying this column. His main forces may not have passed through Benghazi at all, but by road and tracks further to the south. Rapidly fortifying himself in the area Jedabia-El Agheila, he held this position for just over a month, during which period it is now suggested that he received very considerable reinforcements. Whether these were by one main supply route or by several lesser ones remains at present in doubt. Tunis itself was suspected of having let through a considerable amount of mechanised material. Convoys from Italy had evidently reached certain points on the North African coast, for when on January 23 General Rommel's columns advanced towards Msus and Benghazi, it soon became evident that he had at his command more than the patched and repaired remnants of the Sidi Rezegh battles. The capture of supply dumps accumulated by the British command in preparation for a later renewed assault gave General Rommel extra supplies which doubtless enabled him to push further than his Jedabia accumulations would have allowed. His advance into Cyrenaica took him via Benghazi on to the high ground of the plateau, the British - Indian forces eluding capture and conducting some skilful rearguard actions. During the course of the opening days of February, the enemy moved eastwards to a point south-west of Derna, and had by this time covered a distance of 350 miles, acquiring airfields at Benina, Barce and Derna. He was advancing towards Tmimi and the lower desert and into the region of the previous battle areas, indicated by orals in the above bird's-eye view. The British patrolling line which had been containing the enemy's right flank is indicated by a grey band



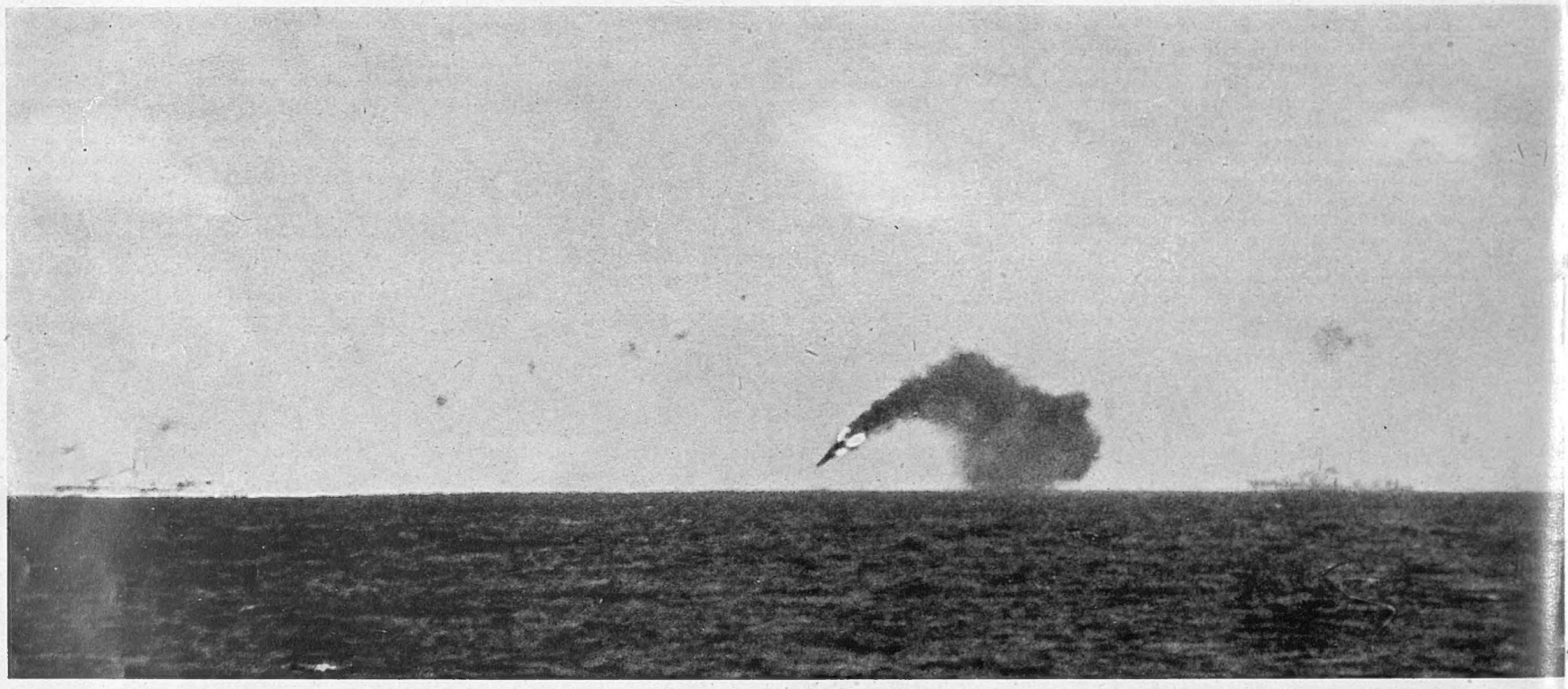

**ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE FIGHTING IN THE DESERT : The victor in the local desert encounters gains not only ground, but certain of the advanced dumps and many of the disabled vehicles of the vanquished**—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

One of the chief disadvantages of having to retire from a localised tank battle in the desert is the loss of supplies and those disabled tanks which cannot be snatched out of the area of conflict. The supplies may be in the form of small dumps previously placed, or trapped supply vehicles which have been supporting the losers. The victorious force, on the other hand, holds the battle area—at least whilst the attacking forces are being reformed ; and thereby the victors are able to extricate their own tanks for repair as well as those of the enemy which the latter has been unable to withdraw, together with the captured supplies. This state of affairs has occurred many times in the recent fighting in Libya

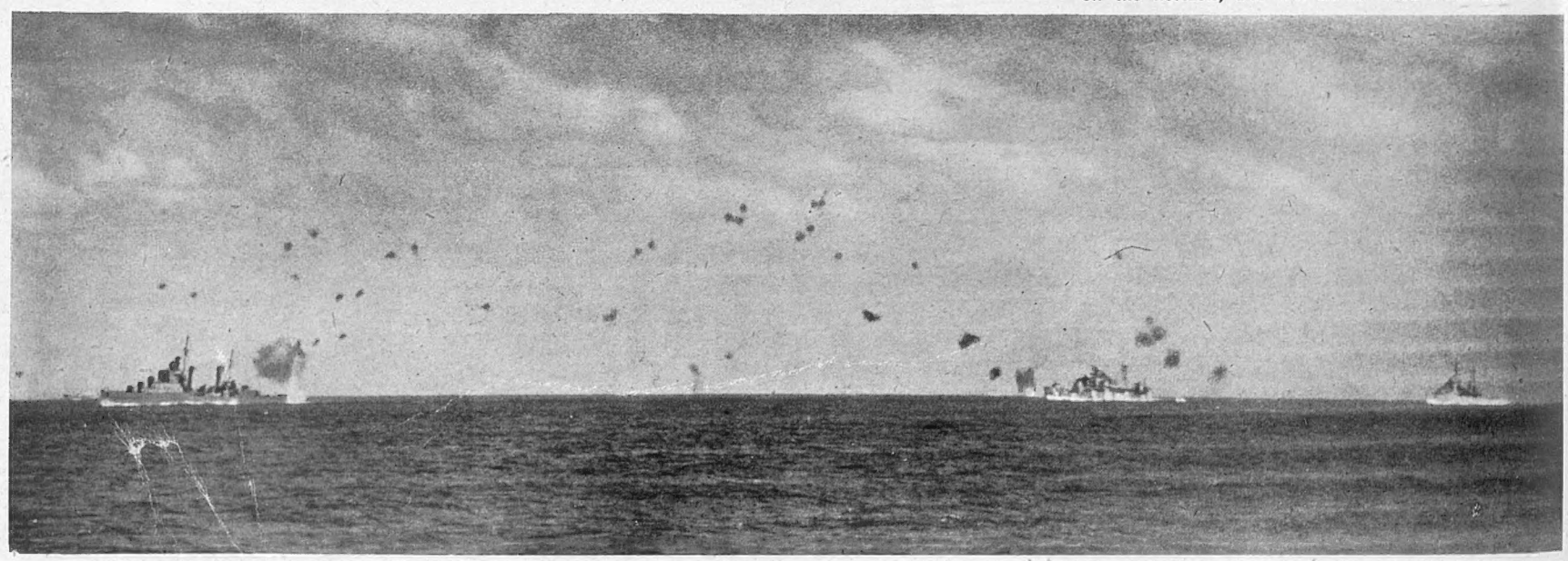
# THE FIVE-HOUR AIR ATTACK ON A BRITISH CONVOY IN THE



**DURING THE PASSAGE OF A BRITISH CONVOY THROUGH THE MEDITERRANEAN** an air attack was launched on our vessels by the Axis and continued for five hours : This extreme right, and an escorting destroyer on the extreme left.



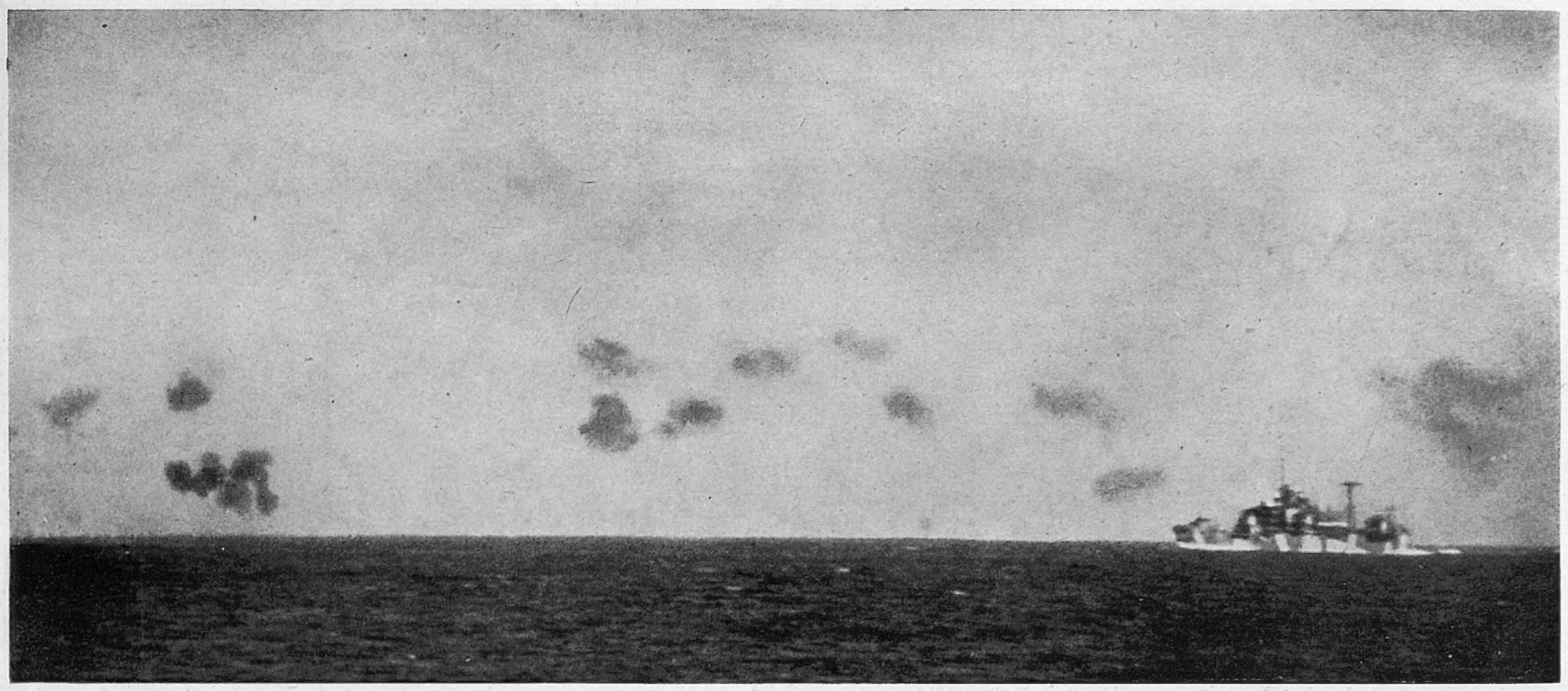
**ONE OF THE ATTACKING AIRCRAFT WAS AN ITALIAN SAVOIA TORPEDO-BOMBER,** which was attempting to sink merchantmen and escorts : it was shot down in flames, and on the horizon, and the air is filled with the bursts



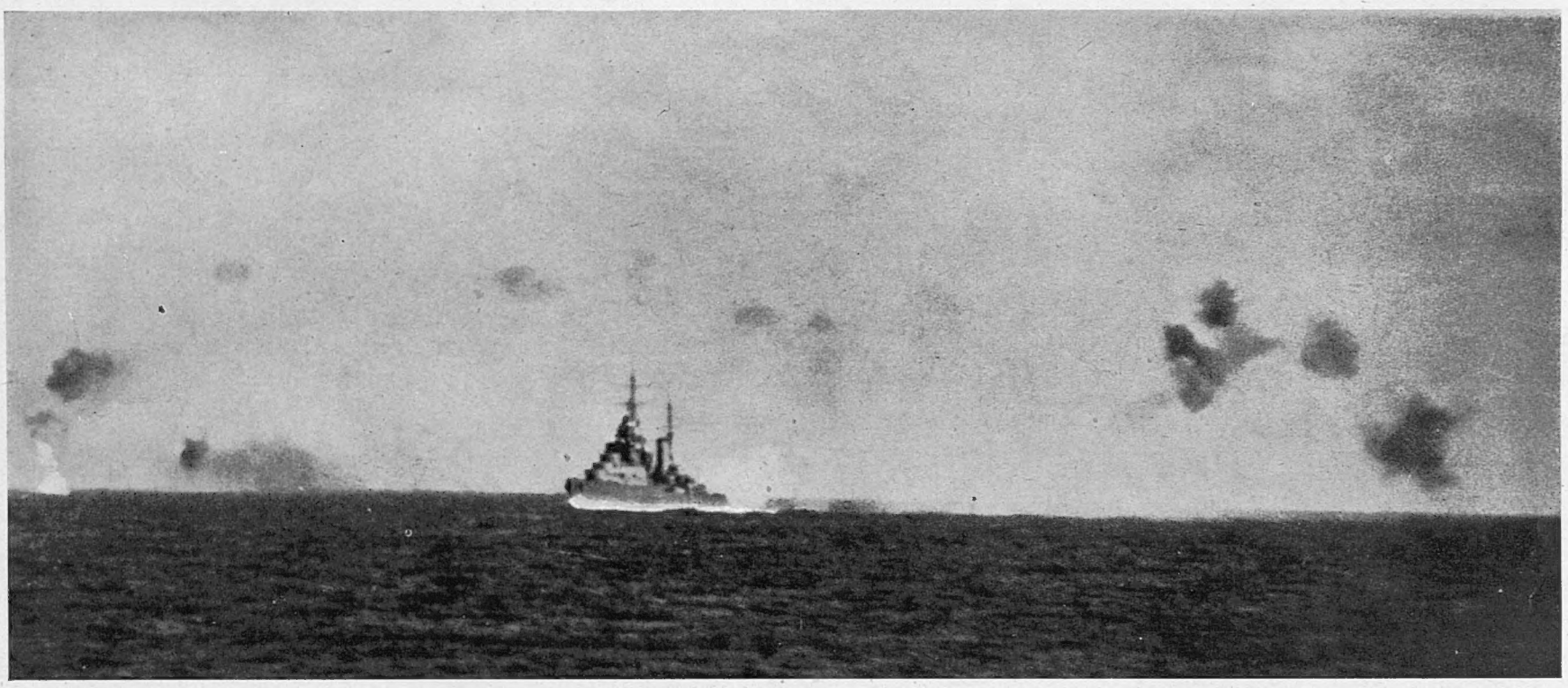
**A GENERAL IMPRESSION OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BARRAGE DURING THE ACTION : A near miss is seen on the left, as a bomb falls close to an escorting cruiser**

The official Admiralty photographs reproduced on these pages have just come from the Mediterranean : they illustrate phases in a recent action when over one hundred German and Italian aircraft (carrying torpedoes and bombs) made a fierce attack upon a British convoy, which lasted for five hours. The air attackers were met by a formidable barrage from the escorting warships, and eventually the aircraft were driven off. An Italian Savoia torpedo-bomber was shot down in flames ; but—despite the heaviness of the attack and its duration—no damage was sustained by either convoy or escort

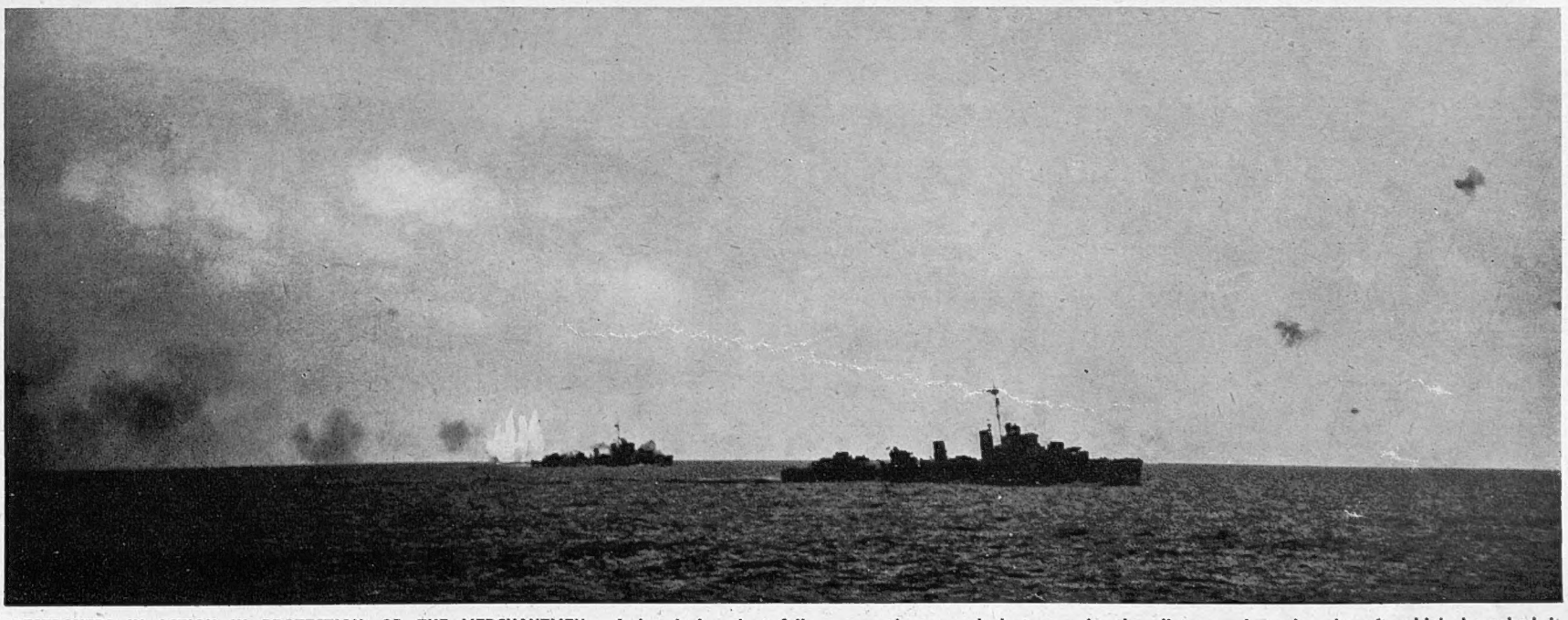
# MEDITERRANEAN—Official Admiralty Photographs



picture was taken during the battle, and shows a bomb falling near an escorting cruiser (left centre). One of the camouflaged supply vessels is seen on the No damage was sustained by either convoy or escort!



here it is seen hurtling into the sea. On the right of the picture is one of the escorting British cruisers, her guns raked to high elevation: other vessels are seen of anti-aircraft shells from the vessels of the escort

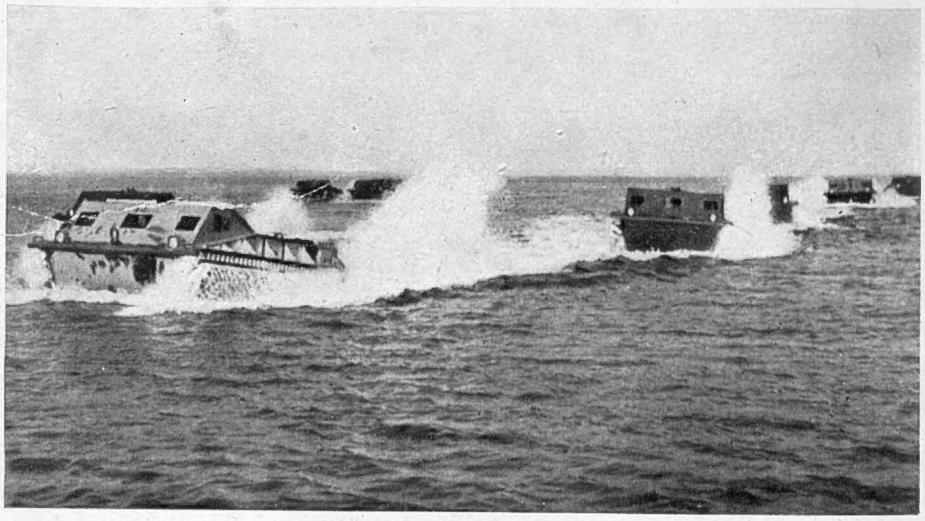


**DESTROYERS IN ACTION IN PROTECTION OF THE MERCHANTMEN:** A bomb has just fallen near the second destroyer in the distance, but the aircraft which launched it had passed over and is not visible in the picture above

# The TOOLS of VICTORY are PILING UP in the WORKSHOPS . . .

1. SIDE BY SIDE THE GIANT FUSELAGES OF THE NEW STIRLING BOMBER PASS AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE OF BRITAIN'S GROWING STRIKING

2. THE NEW 60-TON TANK OF THE U.S. ARMY



3. NEW AMPHIBIAN TANKS FOR THE UNITED STATES MARINES

**DOWN THE PRODUCTION LINES FOR FINAL ASSEMBLY—POWER IN THE AIR**

**1.** The Stirling bomber is the world's largest. It is being produced in many factories throughout Britain. In last week's issue we showed various stages in the construction of these giants of the air : to-day we are enabled to reproduce this striking picture, showing how the aircraft move along the production lines to final completion

**2.** The U.S. Army will soon be equipped not only with light- and medium-weight tanks, but also with this new 60-ton type, which has the pulling power of twenty-four elephants ! This heavy tank is primarily a mobile gun-carriage. The lighter U.S. tanks are designed for surprise action or sudden thrusts, and can go as fast as 70 m.p.h., using only one gallon of petrol per mile

**3.** A formation of tanks built for the U.S. Navy, and used exclusively by the Marines, are here seen ploughing through the shallow waters of the Gulf of Mexico at 12 m.p.h. These "Roebling amphibians" were designed for hurricane rescue work ; but the Navy was quick to realise their possibilities in warfare. They are believed to be the answer to landing-force problems : they carry twenty-four men with complete fighting equipment, and a crew of three

**4.** A scene inside the Montreal Locomotive Works, where production on a large scale of tanks has been gathering speed. Scores of these Ram vehicles are seen as they go off the assembly line for test

**4. TANKS BY THE SCORE COMING OFF THE PRODUCTION LINE IN A CANADIAN FACTORY**

# WARTIME PURITANS WHO PLAY HITLER'S GAME

*Some of the Tricks which are To-day being Adopted by "Reformers" to Check the Freedom of the Forces—of Both Sexes—in Carrying on in Great Britain*

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WE repeatedly learn from the best sources that this is going to be a long war (twenty-nine months of it is apparently to be regarded as the fish, or, at most, as the entrée stage). While I take leave to doubt if this august insistence on length is sound psychology for the crowd or for the gentlemen themselves who direct the war effort—I 'm convinced it 's wrong for Americans, whose facility for snapping in and out of things should be played up—nevertheless, it 's going to be a long war. Right.

In that case the importance of sustaining a high temper inside Britain will certainly not diminish as the months (years ?) drag by. We may be invaded ; we may be left (in Hitler's mind) bottled up. None of us knows. What we do know is that to meet either alternative spirit and alertness must be kept high. And we know this, too, or should do by now : that in this kind of war a democracy has to fend more than a dictatorship against boredom and tedium.

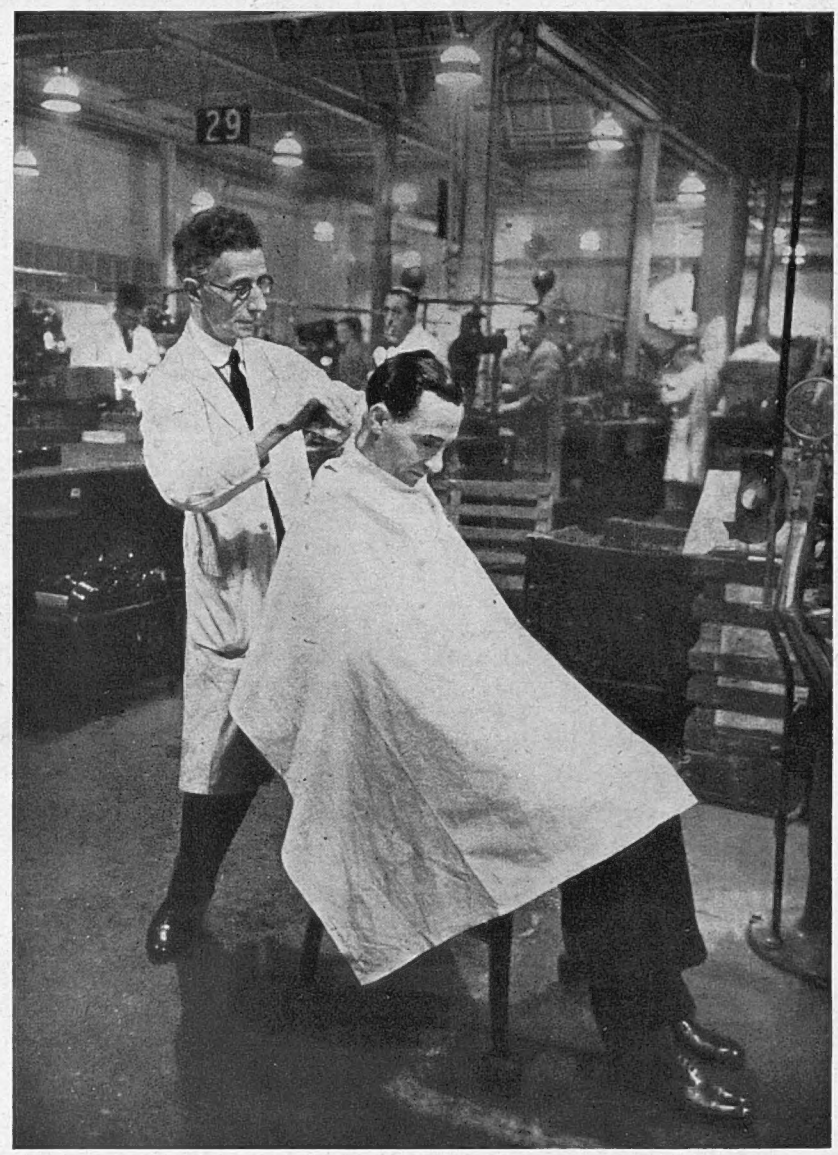
The dictator just tells his serfs or fanatics to stop dancing. Direct evidence says that a German may have but one glass of 5 per cent. beer however long he sits in his *bierhalle*. And no smokes for Frau or Fräulein. Hitler may or may not exact a greater concentration by such repressions which he justifies on the score of taste. He risks wearing down his Germans by the drab sequence, but he knows that they 've had the daylights of personal freedom knocked out of them and that, in consequence, they are less susceptible to the boredom and tedium of war than people who 've been used to the (relatively) easy-going life in democratic countries, such as Britain. It is his special hope that the effects of monotony and waiting, of *ennui*, will make themselves felt in semi-beleaguered Britain.

Now, the freshness and keenness of Britain may be undiminished after twenty-nine months of war, of which twenty months have been *Sitzkrieg* (Maginot model), the period excepted having been from August 1940 to May 1941. But this freshness and keenness never can be too carefully nurtured, and that is why I wish to turn the spotlight on a character who has escaped attention too long : the wartime Pussyfoot. At first sight you may dismiss him (and her) as a poky nuisance, but look closer and you will find that the national power of resistance can be weakened by these people who propagate the very boredom, monotony and resultant staleness which Hitler wishes on us ; a packed nation living in an unreal immunity from near-by horror, though under severe restrictions and a trying sense of waiting.

It is not enough to put your thumbs up when you have to kick your heels round the streets, which is what wartime Pussyfootism engenders. This refers particularly to the Forces whose sires and forbears, fighting always on foreign fields, were able to profit by the relaxations of the Continent. This angle was cogently put where I live, and where there has been some trouble with the troops : " We 've got lots of old-timers from the last war, and they tell us that at least you could step out in France in between getting killed. Here the idea seems to be to take as much kick out of things as possible. ' Can't do this ! ' ' Can't do that ! ' Oh, yes, we know we 're in the front line and that the Jerries are just over there, but we 've been in places not in the front line, and it 's been worse."

A good measure of this condition of affairs can safely be laid at the door of bigots and busybodies, who up and down the land take advantage of the war to encroach on legitimate and sane relaxation and recreation, fastening their own gloomy and pharisaical conceptions on the great majority built differently from themselves. Britain was never the free country it supposed itself to be (I used to list it seventh in Europe for personal freedom) ; it has long suffered from a too, too righteous minority whose sincerity has been unduly pandered to ; but the point is that these people are a common menace at this juncture of our destiny.

The latest case in point concerns the " dispiriting effect " of Welsh Sundays on evacuated Civil Servants, 50,000 of whom were represented at a London protest meeting. The complaint is that " there is absolutely nothing to do except stroll in the streets or intrude on the private religious meetings which many of our hosts hold in their homes." How can you expect people to remain fresh on such a diet for their day off ? " The issue," writes Professor Joad, " is whether any section of the community has the right to impose its views in such matters upon any other section by denying avenues of access to legitimate pleasures which do no harm to other people." And this : " Let us get rid of this notion, that we have the truth so much in us that we are entitled to deny other people the right to live the life that seems good to them, or that we can make people better by prohibitions and regulations. There is a sort of gloomy folk in this world who never call a pleasure a pleasure if they can call it a sin. It is they who seek to shut the cinemas."




**SMOOTHING THINGS OUT FOR HARD-PRESSED MUNITIONS WORKERS :** The men at one Ministry of Supply factory are now being allowed twelve minutes off at a time for a haircut. They find it extremely difficult to visit a barber, because they start work before he opens and finish after he has shut up shop : the management, therefore, have arranged for a service within actual sight and sound of the machines !

But I 'm interested in these Pussyfoots, psalm-singing or of other kinds, purely from the military and war-effort point of view.

The original Pussyfoot was a U.S. Federal agent who crept behind white men smuggling liquor into the Indian Reservations and whisked away flasks which the smugglers commonly hid in their knee-boots. The up-to-date and especially the wartime Pussyfoot is one who operates circuitously, one who always has reasons for interference ready, that are different from the real one : the interferer's own nature. A fine example concerns the attacks on the A.T.S. These attacks, I have reason to know first-hand, were pushed, if not started, by " temperance " fanatics who, shocked by the girls being allowed wet canteens in some cases, imagined the immorality in order to get the beer, or whatever it is, removed.

Again, when we hear the regular question in Parliament : Will the Food Ministry assign to farmers and livestock-raisers, instead of to brewers, at least one-third of the grain at present being supplied, the interest is not in what goes into the animals' insides, but in what goes into ours. The Pussyfoots want an ever-weaker beer. Or take the reply of Mr. Morrison to someone who wanted midweek greyhound meetings stopped " because they use petrol." " One must be careful how far one's Puritanism takes one," replied Mr. Morrison. One should ; and that is the genesis of this article.

The same Puritanism or Pussyfootism or whatever you like to call it lay behind the efforts to get cancelled the grant of wet canteens to certain war factories and plants, although this grant was made exclusively on production grounds and after close examination.

Wartime Pussyfoots take a point of getting on to local bodies operating the emergency Defence Regulations which offer a regular field day for their kind. In the name of " security " and " beating Hitler," dances can be prohibited, curfews imposed, extension hours refused, cinemas kept closed, week-end games and recreations barred, and even Sunday concerts stopped, like one of Malcolm Sargent's in the Midlands. A favourite trick is to grant such a short extension for a dance that it isn't worth holding it. Another trick is for local bodies, heavy with Pussy-footism, to go into committee and so out of sight of the Press. This secrecy ramp is leading to the constitution of middle- and lower-middle-class Pussy-soviets of righteousness, laying down what 's good for us.

Wartime Pussyfoots are always the most industrious in attending committees, etc., and often can rely on getting away with a vote which is a third or less of full representation. You read recently of the banning of Sunday dances at Needham Market, Suffolk, which used to be attended by 300 of the Forces. This ban was imposed as the result of a ridiculously small vote taken by some educational committee, though what sort of a system we are living under that gives over military dances to an education committee, heaven alone knows. But to give you the effect this sort of thing has, here is a father writing on the subject : " I have a boy in the Army. He has attended some of the dances. Believe me, they mean a whole lot to him. They were a treat, he says, and I wish you could see his letter."

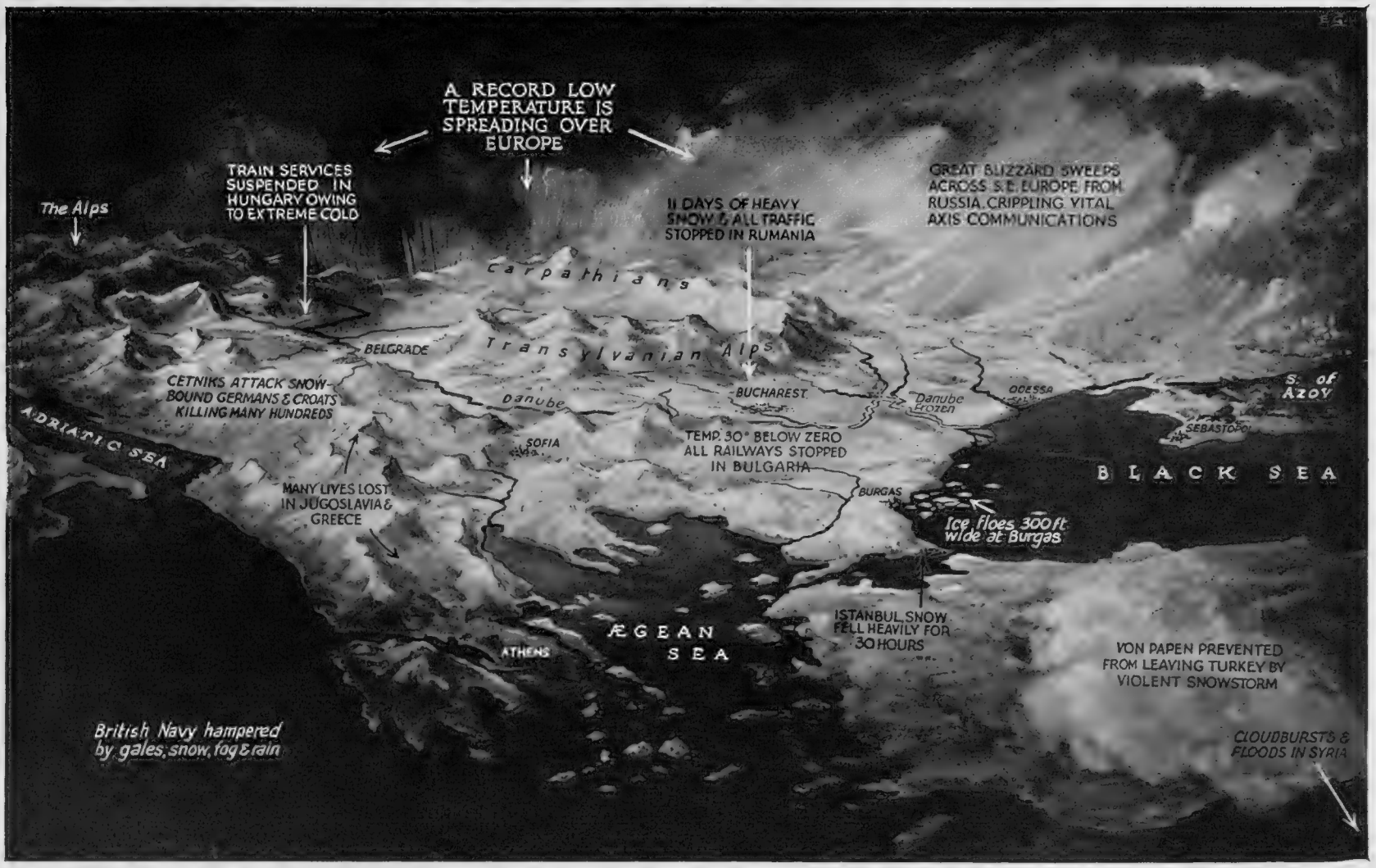
Time after time Sunday charity concerts fixed by the Forces have been scuppered by Pussyfoot interference. The effect is unchanging. Instead of an afternoon spent in inspiriting surroundings, crowds kick about the streets, bored stiff and usually unable to cram into the few cinemas and cafés allowed to keep open.

If our wartime Pussyfoots had their full way, we would lay off the war from Saturday midnight to Sunday midnight, save for seeking guidance. A fair example is that of Barnstaple, which refused the use of its cinema for a free Sunday show in connection with Warships Week. In a northern port 150 stone of fish was left to rot over Sunday because some local bigot had the say in dock-land. In Scotland the Pussyfoots wage war on Sunday games—when I was in Glasgow they were stopping Sunday cricket unless something was given to charity. This is a particularly audacious ramp and it extends to cinemas, which are told they must pay an ever-increasing sum to charity or they won't be allowed to open on Sundays.

Or take the subtle attack on secular Sunday broadcasting. Our self-righteous improvers want the whole show to themselves. That countless men and women on war service, especially in outlying spots, rely on Sunday broadcast entertainment means nothing to these sanctimonious Pussyfoots who, of course, have also saved us from the deadly sin of Sunday theatres. The fact that the film of a play may be seen on the Sabbath, but not the play itself, makes entire sense for Pussyfoots. And, speaking of films, I trust there is nothing ominous in the new cinema " tsar," Mr. Rank, announcing that he is out for moral uplift but is no killjoy. My experience, starting with Pussyfoot Johnson himself, is that when someone says he 's no killjoy it 's time to watch out.

Finally, one is justified in settling a portion of responsibility for the hooch racket on the Pussyfoot mentality as exemplified in the Chancellor's remark that he is only interested in the excise side of liquor. Exactly. And too many others were like him. No effort was made to conserve or to protect a national necessity. It was as if the Pussyfoots had said, " The sooner the filthy stuff is drunk or blitzed or out of the way, the better." Now you 've got a hooch racket which, with the steady depletion of the genuine article, the gathering of the forces (including Americans), and the lengthening of the war, threatens to become serious. Finding still life in the black-out is not so easy.

# A BITTER WINTER SWEEPS OVER EUROPE




**IN THE BALKANS ESPECIALLY, THE BITTER WINTER OF 1942 HAS MADE ITSELF FELT: From Syria up to the Alps great blizzards have (for the second time) swept the whole of Southern Europe, bringing almost unprecedented snows**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

In January of this year Europe experienced a second Great Blizzard, which swept down from Russia across the whole of south-eastern Europe with disastrous effects—particularly to vital Axis military communications in these regions. In Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria there were almost unprecedented falls of snow—just at a period when Germany needed all the assistance from these countries that they could muster for the campaign in Russia! In Yugoslavia and Greece a heavy toll of life was taken; Turkey was isolated from Europe; and even as far south as Syria cloudbursts and floods were experienced. This second blizzard came at a moment when vast areas in Europe were still suffering from previous terrific storms: even in sunny Italy Arctic conditions were experienced. For eleven days heavy snow fell all over Rumania and all traffic was brought to a standstill. In the Mediterranean, along the North African coast, our operations in Libya were sadly hindered by the weather; and by sea the work of the Royal Navy was greatly hampered by gales, snow, fog and rain

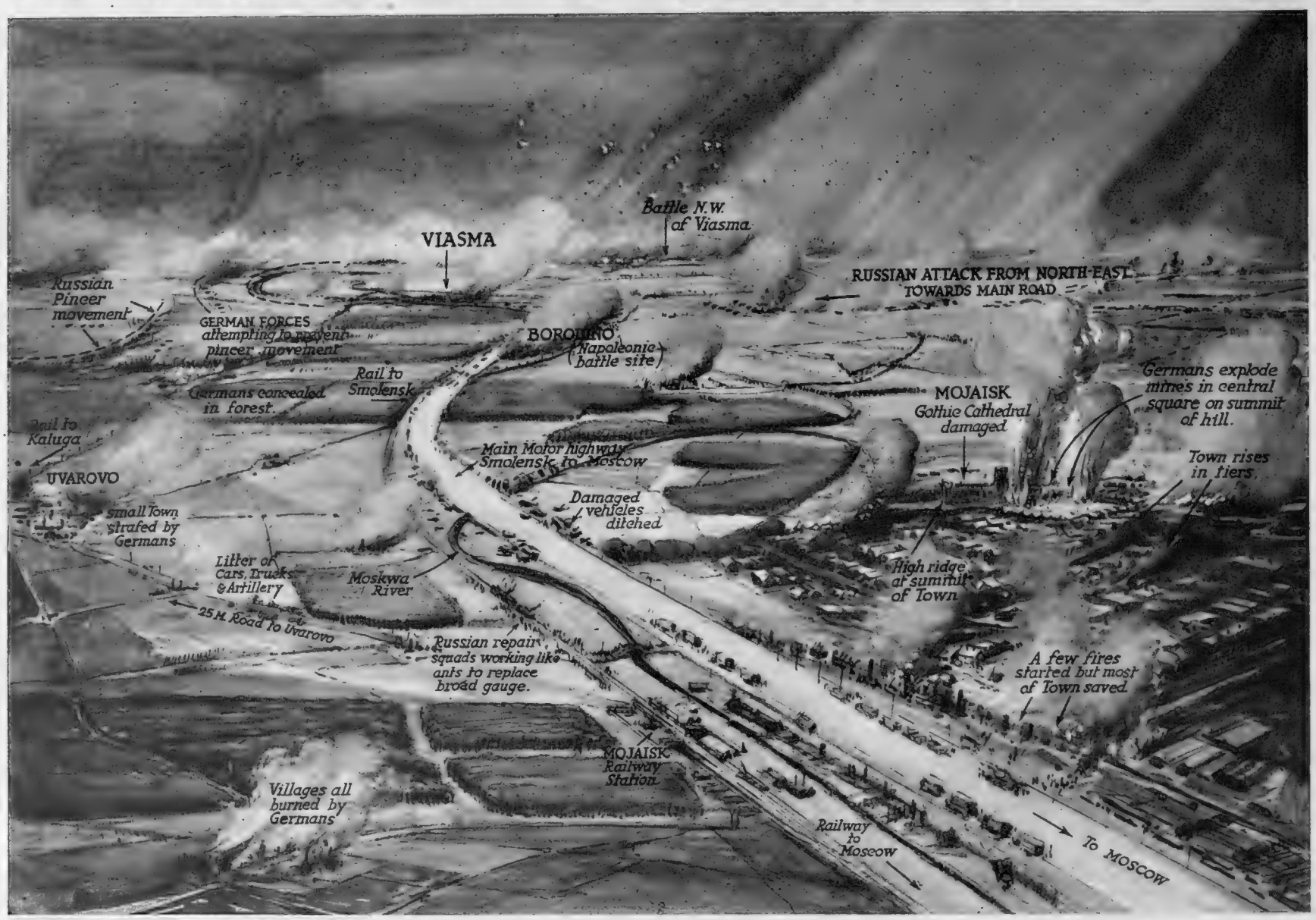
**STREET SCENE IN KHARKOV: In Russia when the snow falls—it falls! The Germans were here using horse transport during the blizzards, and attempting at the same time to cope with the congestion caused by a German army in retreat**

**RIVER SCENE IN THE UNITED STATES: Even as far away as America the weather was very severe. This scene from Pennsylvania shows a river ice-jam, which followed a cold wave which visited the eastern seaboard of the United States**

**ARCTIC WEATHER CONDITIONS FOR THE R.A.F.: Scraping off the snow and ice from a Hudson aircraft of Coastal Command. Normal routine patrols were carried out despite the wintry weather**

**AND THE BOMBERS STILL VISITED GERMANY! A Hampden, in the snow, is loaded up with bombs for a trip to Hamburg. Bombing operations were carried out as usual during the blizzard**

# THE CAMPAIGN OF THE RED ARMIES ON THE EASTERN FRONT




**AN IMPORTANT PHASE IN THE GREAT RUSSIAN COUNTER-OFFENSIVE: How the town of Mojaisk, key-point in the Moscow Sector, was regained by the Russians after it had been occupied by the enemy for a period of three months (See full account below)**—*Drawing by Percy Home*

## THE RECAPTURE OF MOJAISK

### By the Russians

AFTER an anxious period of three months, when the Germans stood in front of Moscow at Mojaisk on the big motor highway from Smolensk, the town was once again brought into Russian hands towards the end of January. Its occupation was then secure enough to admit of visits by War Correspondents to the town and to an even further advanced position at Uvarovo. Owing to Russian advances to north and south of the main road, the German garrison had retreated so quickly that they did not have time to set fire to more than one or two buildings in the town. They did, however, blow up the mines placed in the Central Square on the hillcrest, and apparently the Gothic Cathedral was also damaged.

This building is "a fine Gothic church" standing on a high and rugged bank, surrounded by a deep natural ditch, over which a communication is made by arches. There are two smaller churches, besides a monastery, at a short distance from the town. The irregularities of the ground give the town a very romantic appearance, built as it is on a series of ridges.

In October 1941, when the Germans captured Mojaisk, they occupied the ancient Cathedral of St. Nicholas, in which they installed an observation-post. Machine-guns were set up in position and auto-rifle troops took over the building. The cathedral became the scene of massacres of the non-combatant population. The church itself was closed and its entrance boarded up.

After its reoccupation by the Russians, Mojaisk, in general, was found by the war correspondents to be intact, but the immediate surroundings had suffered badly. Every village had been burned, together with many of the inhabitants; and all the 800 modern houses of Uvarovo had been fired.

**DURING THE RETREAT OF THE GERMAN ARMY IN THE RUSSIAN SNOWS: Infantry abandoning a village before the advance of the Red Army. This scene has been repeated in hundreds of villages all along the Eastern front, where the invaders have been successfully driven out**

**THE COSSACK CAVALRYMAN, who has figured largely in recent operations in the snows**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

All observers of the recent fighting in Russia have paid tribute to the role of the Red Cavalry. It has been revealed that this arm has been working in small groups—and generally at night: acting as commandos, in short, but always maintaining wireless communication with their headquarters. The Russian cavalry horses are small but tough and capable of great exertion on little food

**IN LONDON: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL MEETS THE DELEGATES FROM THE RUSSIAN TRADE UNIONS:** This picture was taken at No. 10, Downing Street, a few days ago, when members of the Russian Trade Union Delegation now on a visit to this country were received by the Prime Minister. They were introduced by Sir Walter Citrine, who was also accompanied by other British Trade Union officials; and Mr. Winston Churchill made a speech of welcome. In the picture above, Sir Walter Citrine is seen on the Prime Minister's left hand, and on the other side of the table are the Russian representatives

# THE ART OF COUNTER-ATTACK

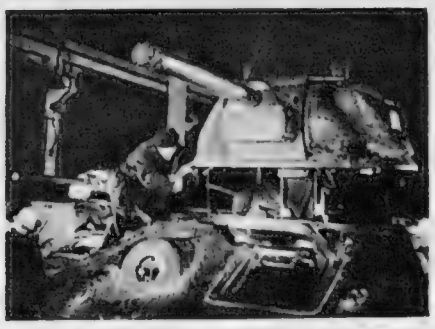
## Russian Methods Evolved for the Defeat of the Panzers

THAT the German Panzer attack was irresistible seemed to be the dominant fact of the war less than a year ago. In less than a year that fact has been disproved. Thanks to our Russian allies we no longer regard the *Wehrmacht* as an unbeatable army.

It seems that what the courage of their men had first demonstrated, the Russian High Command had erected into a revolutionary doctrine: "*You don't meet attack with mighty defences. You let them come in, even welcome them in; and then proceed to deal with them at your leisure.*"

There is no official justification for fathering this idea on the Russian High Command. As said, Wavell himself seemed to have a glimmering of it (when he retreated to the Egyptian frontier and left Tobruk behind), while our Royal Armoured Corps had always realised tanks could only defend by attacking. But the Russians have had the courage to put the theory into practice on a grand scale, a practice that might be outlined as follows:

(1) Keeping your own strength in reserve.
(2) Always knowing where the enemy will attack.
(3) Preparing a first-contact zone.
(4) Preparing a defence-in-depth zone.
(5) Allowing the enemy through these.
(6) Counter-attacking once the enemy is through.



*On left*—**During the heavy fighting which led to the recapture of Tula, workers from Moscow went to the actual scene of battle, to repair damaged tanks on the spot**

**THE NEW RUSSIAN FLANKING TACTICS WHEN DEALING WITH A PANZER ATTACK: The tanks are allowed to come in—are welcomed even!—and are then dealt with at leisure**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The reconnaissance troops that have been observing the concentration of the Panzers will be the first to make contact with them when they advance; be able to send last-minute observations back. Next, your carefully-prepared defences-in-depth will take up the many-pronged armoured onslaught. *But* they will take it up with a difference—namely, that they act as decoys rather than defences. The Panzers must really be *encouraged* to come on.

It may sound dangerous. But men don't mind danger when they know what they are doing. The whole plan is to allow the Panzers in, and to shepherd them by means of the defences-in-depth (houses and villages and towns and aircraft, as well as the conventional strong-points) right into the heart of the country and to the limit of their first wind—shepherd them the way you want them to go.

Meanwhile the counter-attack is being quietly mounted. It is released when the Panzers have reached the limit of that first wind—and it is directed not immediately against the Panzer spearheads, but, in two or more parallel lines, straight towards the enemy's own frontier. Thus a giant pincers movement is developed, and does not meet much opposition at first, because it is proceeding on either side of the enemy, who has been decoyed into a kind of funnel. Then the arms of the pincers close.

# The U.S. STANDS TO

**HAWAII NOW PREPARES UNDERGROUND POSITIONS :** Native workmen and United States troops are here shown at work on new underground installations and dug-outs in Hawaii. This is an advanced first-aid post, equipped to perform surgery right at what may be the "front line" in any invasion of the island. This picture has been approved for publication by the War Department in Washington

**THE PACIFIC CHIEF TAKES OVER HIS POST :** Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, the new Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, aboard his submarine flagship shortly after he had taken over the control of this vitally important position. A picture just received in London

**THE MIGHTY GUNS OF THE "CONCRETE BATTLESHIP" NEAR CORREGIDOR :** "Battery Marshall" at Fort Hughes is a concrete emplacement on a little island near the main Fortress of Corregidor, which guards the entrance to Manila Bay in the Philippines. These guns can blast to pieces any vessel approaching the island from the sea. The Japs have already attacked these defences—but from the air only

**WAITING FOR THE JAPS TO RETURN AT HAWAII :** If the Japanese ever attempt a landing on the Island of Oahu they will have a hard time! Cleverly camouflaged heavy field artillery like this now covers the island's entire shore line. From the air, this gun (with its camouflage of paint and canopy of old rags) looks like just another rock—but it isn't!

**TRANSFORMING THE FRENCH STEAMSHIP "NORMANDIE" INTO THE U.S.S. "LAFAYETTE" :** A view of the partially dismantled great dining-room of the liner which has been taken over by the U.S. Navy as a naval auxiliary. All the furnishings and decorations on the great luxury vessel are being crated and stored under the direction of the District Materiel Office of the Third Naval District. These decorations have been conservatively valued at no less than 2,000,000 dollars. It has been stated that the *Normandie* is to serve as an aircraft-carrier

**ESKIMOS JOIN THE U.S. ALASKAN FORCES :** In their new Army uniforms, these five Eskimos present a smart appearance, different from the native garb in which they arrived to enlist at Anchorage, Alaska, after a long journey from Point Barrow. They had never before seen trees, mountains or skis! They are (from left to right) Lloyd Ahvakana, Gilford Mongobak, Bartlett Kudialuk, Hoover Koonaloak, and Isaak Taaleck

**NOVEMBER 25, 1941: THE VETERAN BATTLESHIP "BARHAM" (35,100 TONS), HIT BY FOUR TORPEDOES AND SUNK IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. She disappeared with unbelievable suddenness—in four and a half minutes from the moment the torpedoes struck**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

# DEFENDING THE BIG SHIPS

## The Problems Confronting the Battleships as They Manœuvre in Close Formation in the Presence of Enemy Submarines

*—With Special* Sphere *Drawings, Diagrams and Notes*

## A NOTE ON THE LOSS OF THE "BARHAM." By FRANCIS McMURTRIE

FROM Press accounts of the torpedoing of H.M.S. *Barham* off the Libyan coast on November 25, it appears that she was one of a squadron of three battleships steaming in the formation known as line ahead, i.e., in a single column, one ship following another. Normally, ships proceeding in this formation preserve a distance of from 2½ to 3 cables' lengths apart, or from 500 to 600 yards. It is the formation invariably used when going into action:

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For cruising purposes a fleet of any size more often adopts the line-abreast formation, comprising several short columns abreast of each other, thus:

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To change from this order into battle formation, or line ahead, the whole fleet is wheeled and brought into a single line by turning the leading ships of each column 90 degrees, every other ship following its leader. In this manœuvre, of course, the speeds of the ships have necessarily to be varied until the new formation has been assumed.

It is stated that on November 25 H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, flagship of Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, was leading the column, followed in succession by her sister-ships, *Barham* and *Valiant*, the former being the flagship of the second-in-command, Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Pridham-Wippell. Apparently, the U-boat aimed her four bow torpedoes at the *Queen Elizabeth*, but just at that moment all three ships, in pursuance of the normal wartime routine of zigzagging while in dangerous waters, simultaneously altered course to port, bringing the ships into "échelon" formation, i.e.:

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Thus all four torpedoes missed the leading ship and hit the unlucky *Barham* almost amidships.

Such was the force of the torpedo explosions that the enemy submarine was forced to the surface, first her periscope and then her conning-tower appearing about seven degrees off the starboard bow of the *Valiant*, the third ship in the line, as she continued her turn to port. Though Captain C. E. Morgan instantly gave the order, "Full speed ahead, hard a-starboard," the *Valiant* could not be turned again quickly enough to ram the U-boat before she had dived again only 40 yards away to starboard. Her very closeness saved the submarine from another danger, as the *Valiant's* guns, though they were fired, could not be depressed sufficiently to hit an object so nearly alongside. The helm was then put amidships to avoid running into the sinking *Barham* immediately ahead.

Five minutes after she had been struck the great battleship rolled over and sank, leaving a mass of floating wreckage where she had been. She withstood the impact of several enemy shells at Jutland, and had survived a torpedo hit earlier in the present war. Unlike her four sister-ships, she had not been completely rebuilt and modernised prior to the outbreak of hostilities.

To deal with torpedo attack from the air, it is, of course, highly desirable that the ships of a squadron should be spread at an ample distance apart, so as to afford room for rapid manœuvring. If torpedoes can be seen approaching, it is generally possible to dodge them by the adroit use of the helm. In the absence of support from fighter aircraft, the best defence against air-torpedo attack is a volume of high-angle gunfire so intense as to make it suicidal for the attackers to dive low enough to discharge their torpedoes with any approach to accuracy of aim. Thus an abundant force of destroyers is a desideratum. Had such a destroyer force been available, it is conceivable that the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* might have fared better.

**A BRITISH BATTLE SQUADRON IN LINE AHEAD:** This is the traditional battle formation of the Royal Navy. From the "cruising formation" of line abreast, the whole fleet is wheeled and brought into a single line, as described by Mr. McMurtrie in the accompanying notes. It was thus that the *Queen Elizabeth*, *Barham* and *Valiant* were steaming in the course of Mediterranean operations on November 25, when the *Barham* was hit amidships by four torpedoes and sunk in four minutes

## DEFENDING THE BIG SHIPS *(cont.)*

# THE DANGER OF PROXIMITY

### *And the Menace of the Air-borne Torpedo to the Big Capital Ship*

IN the early days of the big capital ships of the Royal Navy, when one spoke of dreadnoughts and "two keels to one," one always thought of mighty vessels armed with huge guns with ranges fatal at 20 miles. At this colossal distance mortal blows were delivered whilst the enemy was still only a speck, or smudge, on the distant horizon.

Now, with the perfecting of other methods of attack on battleships, the chief dangers no longer come from afar: the colossal guns, with all their elaborate equipment for laying, firing and reloading, frequently play no part at all in a modern naval engagement! The danger area for the capital ship seems to be contracting—in fact, the *coup de grâce* has often in this war come from almost arm's length.

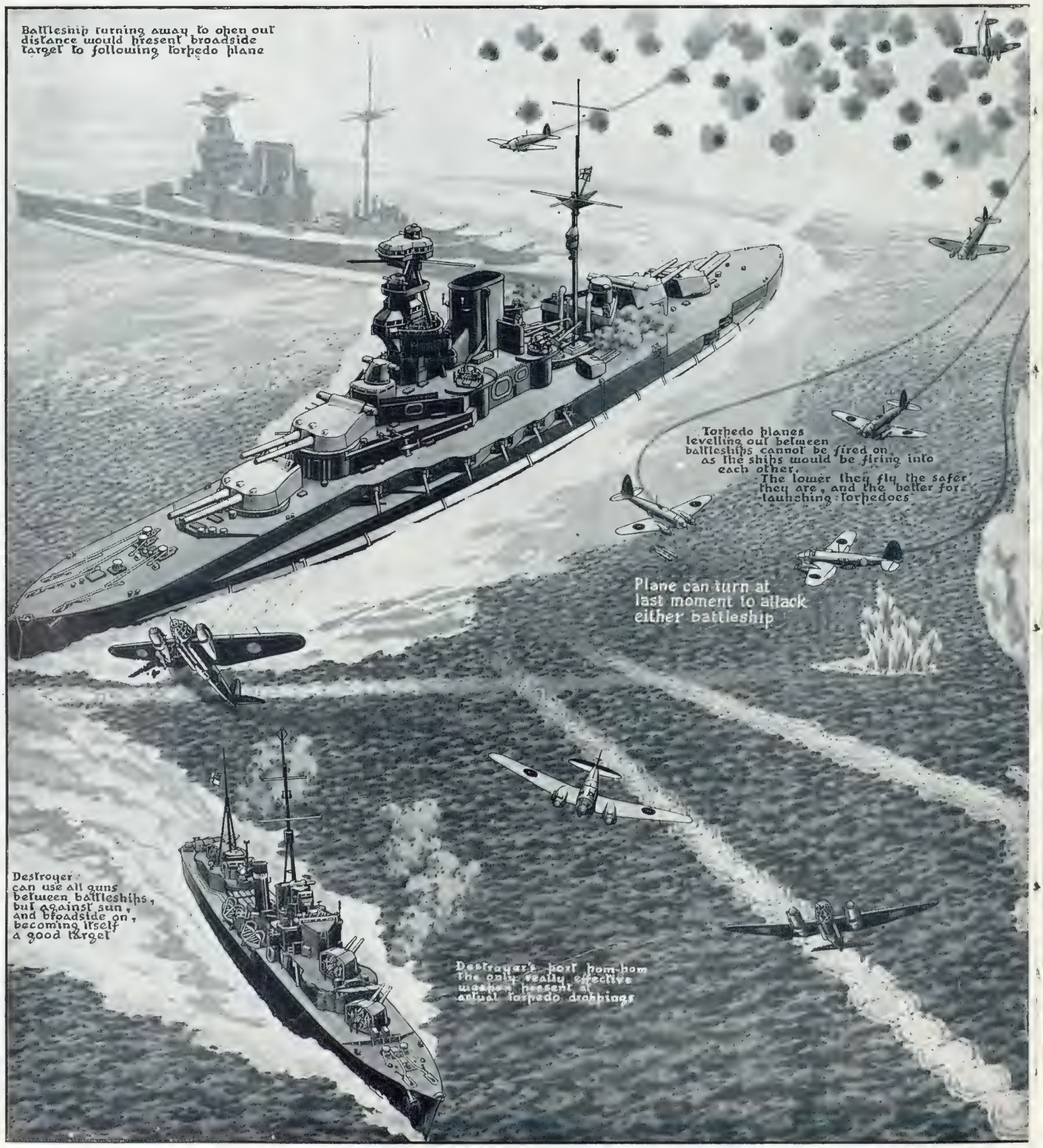
On two occasions recently great ships of war have been destroyed by blows delivered from close at hand—in one case from the air, in the other from the sea. A similar feature has characterised both occasions—when the blows fell the battleships were found to be close together, despite their added vulnerability under such conditions. To-day, proximity on the seas would appear to be full of the greatest dangers. The necessity for dispersal, so necessary in other fields of war, seems to be just as important at sea.

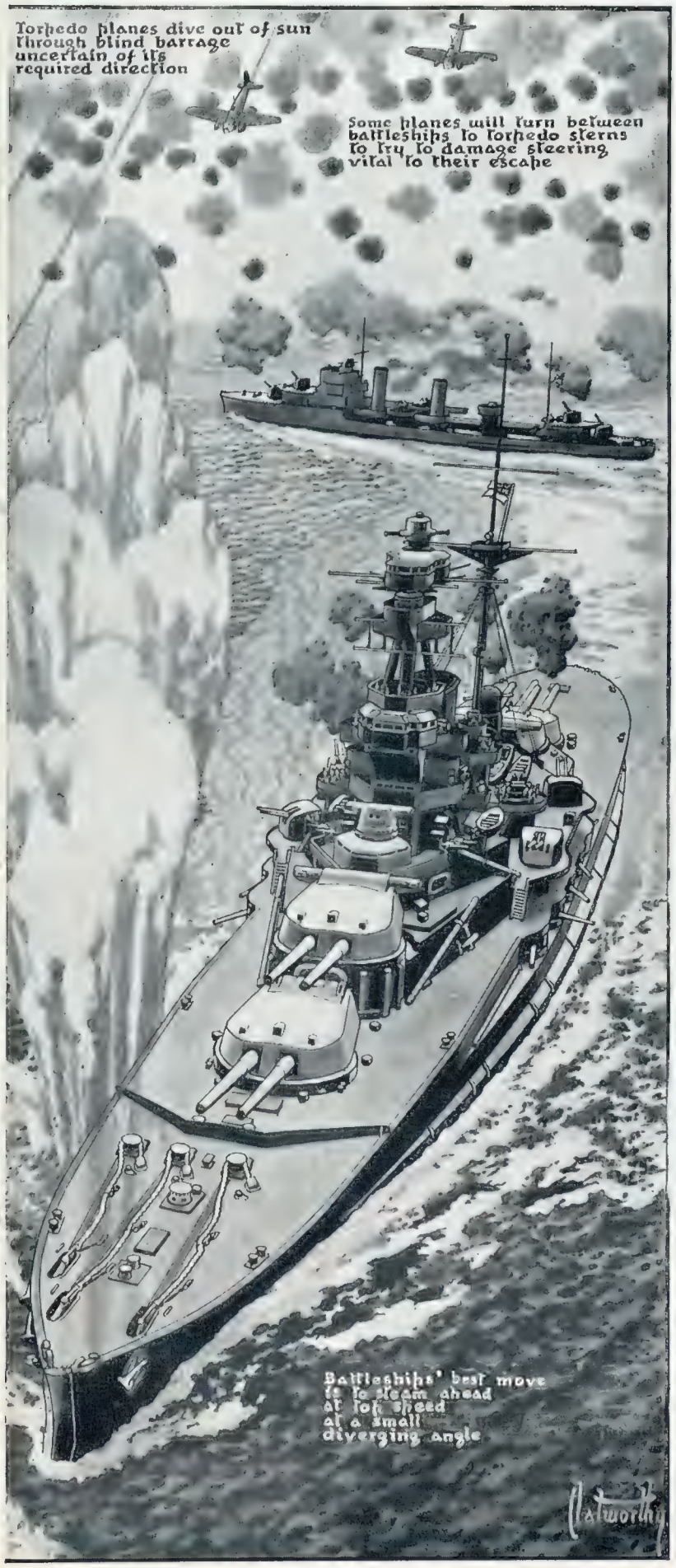
In the drawing reproduced on these pages, our artist has indicated two battleships engaged on operations in fairly close proximity. (The closeness is, in fact, exaggerated in the drawing.) At the moment illustrated an enemy air attack has suddenly developed out of the sun: and the two huge vessels have had very short warning of the assault.

It is suggested by the artist that the wisest course for the two ships to adopt in these conditions is that they should bear off from one another at a small diverging angle but at the greatest speed which they can accomplish. In the meantime, the anti-aircraft batteries from the ships will have thrown up a heavy barrage; but the gunners are not yet certain of the precise angle of attack. The enemy planes dive through the barrage and seek to level-out between the two ships: they will endeavour to get as low as possible, for in that position they are safest from the battleships' gunfire. The big guns of the capital ships are useless in this foray; only the smaller guns can harry the rushing planes as they skim the seas to take up a position from which to launch their torpedoes.

The aircraft may switch to right or left to attack either ship. The moment they have released their load they will, of course, skim away or zoom upwards, according to what seems to be the best way out at the moment. If the two ships have been unable to open out, any fire directed at the planes will place the other ship in an awkward position. If the turn-away is too rapid, the vessel would present a broadside target to a torpedo plane. Some of the latter will be watching closely to catch the vessels by the stern and so damage the steering, the ready use of which is vital for a successful "getaway."

Whilst all this is going on, the destroyers in attendance on the larger vessels would dash up to the scene in the hope of catching some of the aircraft swarm with their rapid-fire guns. Their positions in the drawings are again compressed for the purposes of illustration. "Proximity is dangerous" would appear to be the lesson of recent air attacks upon the heavier of our naval vessels.






**AS THE TORPEDO-CARRYING AIRCRAFT WOULD SEE THEM : Three British warships steaming in line abreast in the South Atlantic. This might be described as the "cruising formation of the Royal Navy," and would be altered in battle to the "line-ahead" formation**

When cruising and with no enemy vessels suspected in the vicinity, a fleet of any size would normally adopt the formation shown above. This line abreast would, however, become line ahead as soon as danger threatened or as soon as the vessels went into action. Such a formation as the above, if persisted in when torpedo-dropping aircraft—or submarines—were threatening to attack, would probably only accentuate the dangers. Recent events have demonstrated that the capital ship is vulnerable to this form of attack, especially when deprived of supporting aircraft in sufficient numbers

**TWO VIEWS OF THE TORPEDO-CARRYING AIRCRAFT AT WORK :** The upper picture shows a Beaufort of Coastal Command, R.A.F. ; the lower, an Albacore of the Fleet Air Arm. To launch its deadly missile in the proper fashion, the torpedo-dropper must come down to within 50 or 100 ft. of the surface, else the torpedo's delicate mechanism is deranged. The aircraft thus risks all the dangers of concentrated anti-aircraft fire ; but if it scores a hit on a big ship it can so damage the latter as to allow other surface vessels to come up to finish off the job the aircraft has begun

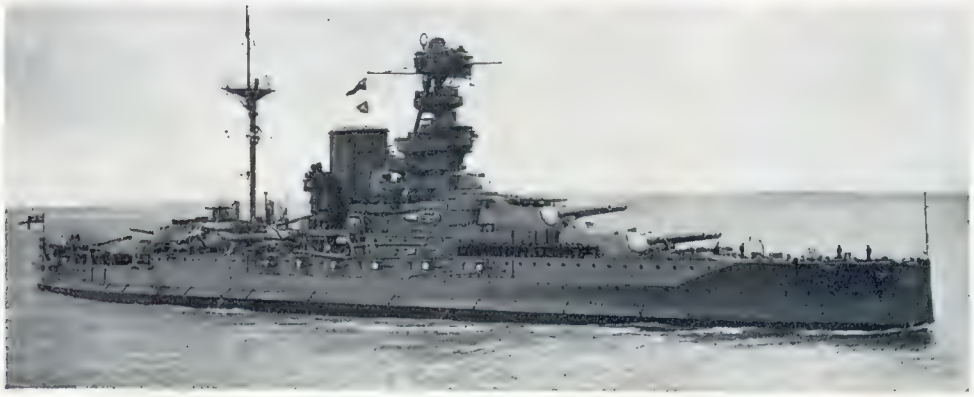
*On left*—**THE PROBLEM OF THE BATTLESHIP'S DEFENCE, and the necessity for two ships when steaming in line abreast to open out at once the moment they are attacked from the air by torpedo-carrying aircraft**—*Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy (Artist's Copyright in the United States).* (See notes above on left)

## THE SINKING OF THE "BARHAM" OFF SOLLUM, AS THE

**The latter surfaced and made as if to cross the "Valiant's" bows, and only 40 yards away from the**

—From a painting by MONTAGUE

Captain Morgan's account of the sinking of the *Barham* gives a most vivid impression of the last moments of the gallant old battleship. The battleships *Queen Elizabeth*, *Barham* and *Valiant*—in that order—were proceeding westwards in line ahead, with the *Barham* in the middle position, and with a destroyer screen thrown out ahead of the Battle Fleet. "At 4.23 p.m.," declares Captain Morgan of the *Valiant*, "we turned to port together, carrying out a normal zigzag and thus bringing the ships into echelon formation. Suddenly, at 4.25, I heard a loud explosion, followed by two further explosions a couple of seconds later." The *Barham* had been hit by four torpedoes from a German U-boat. Fifteen seconds later, apparently forced up by the terrific explosions, the submarine surfaced: passing from left to right, she appeared to be attempting to cross the *Valiant's* bows between that ship and the sinking *Barham*. "He was only seven degrees off my starboard bow," said Captain Morgan, "and 150 yards away, though he must have fired his torpedoes from about 700 yards." As the



*On left*—**H.M.S. "Valiant," a battleship of 35,000 tons, which was following astern of the "Barham" when the latter was hit. "Valiant" is seen on the left of Mr. Dawson's drawing above**

**THE RESULT OF FOUR TORPEDOES FIRED BY A GERMAN U-BOAT**

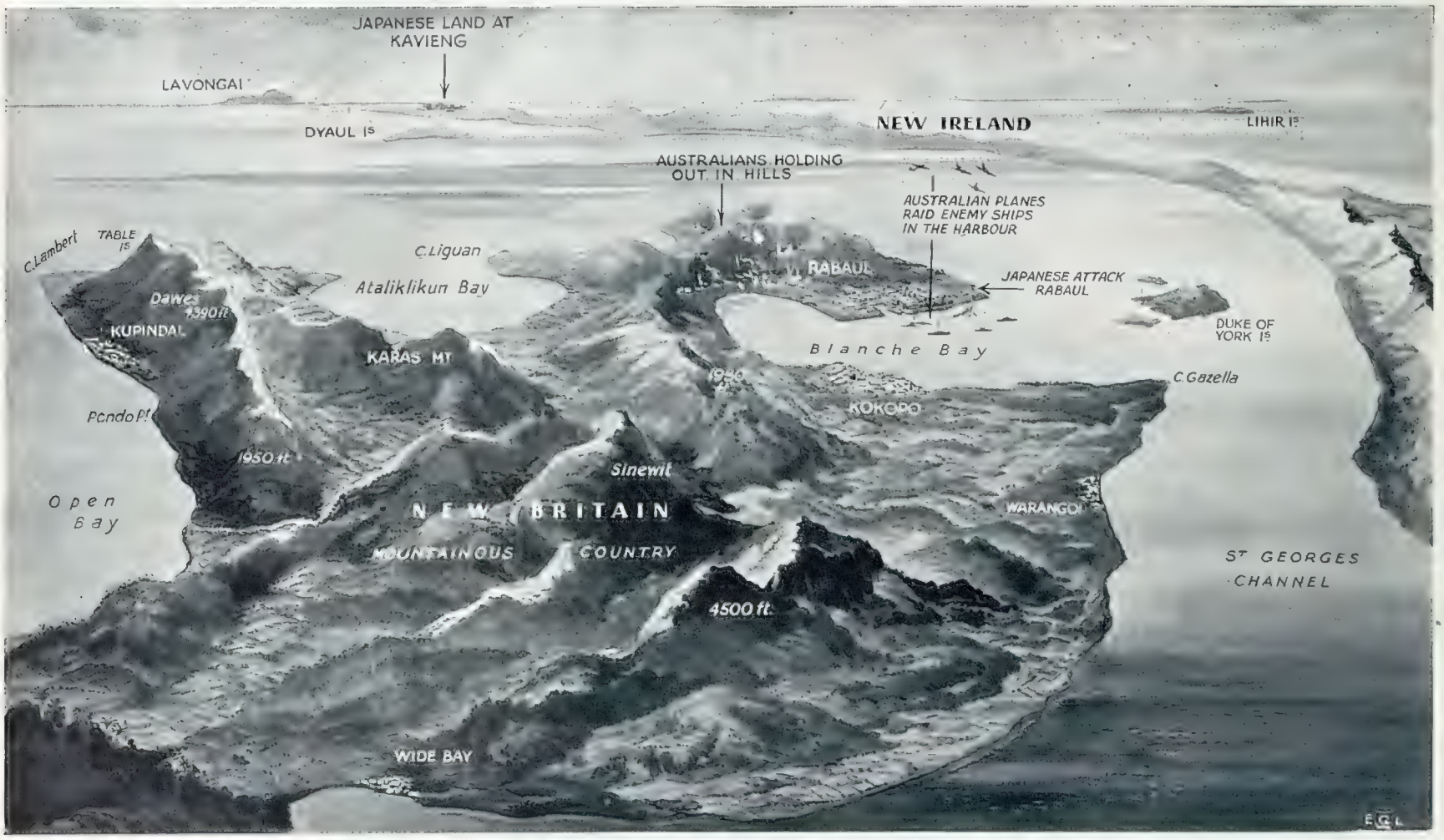
**and eventually succeeded in escaping altogether by crash-diving when he starboard side of "Valiant"**

UE DAWSON (*Based on a description given by Captain C. E. Morgan of the "Valiant"*)

periscope and then the conning-tower appeared Captain Morgan attempted to ram him : in this, however, he was unsuccessful, despite that the submarine was visible for about 45 seconds. Fire was opened from the *Valiant* with her starboard pom-poms, but the submarine was so close that the gunners were unable to depress their guns sufficiently, and the shells passed over the conning-tower. It was then necessary for the *Valiant* to take prompt measures to avoid turning into the *Barham*, which was still under way with her engines running but listing heavily. Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Pridham-Wippell, second in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, was flying his flag in H.M.S. *Barham* : he was rescued after having been in the oil-covered water for three-quarters of an hour and after he had given his lifebelt to a seaman whose leg had been badly fractured. The German submarine commander, Baron von Kilsenhausen, has already received the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross from Hitler for his feat in sinking the British battleship

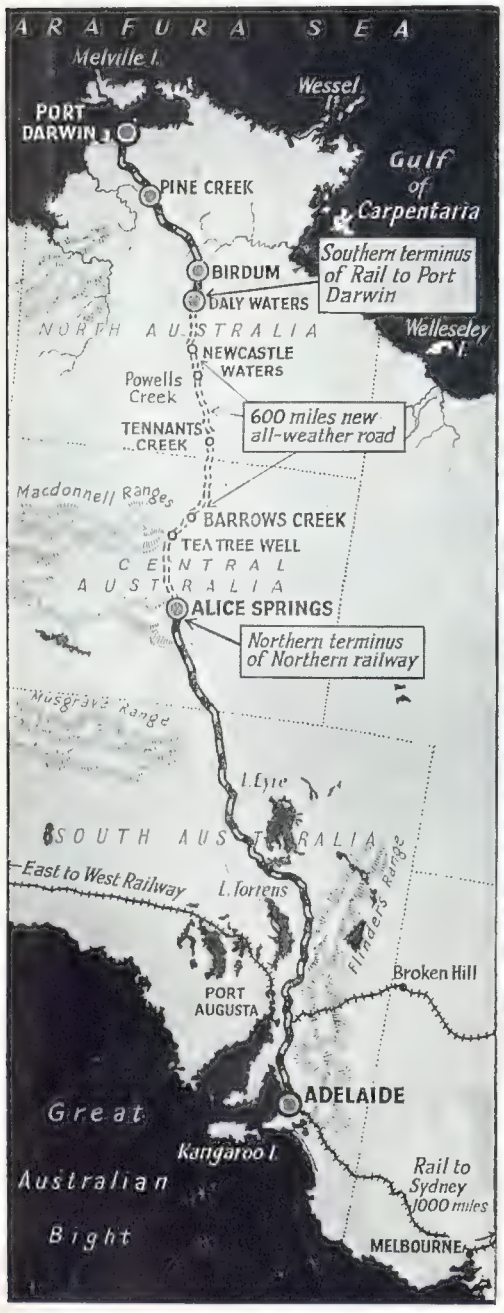
***On right*—H.M.S. "Barham," firing a broadside from her 15-in. guns. The last moments of this gallant old veteran are depicted in the drawing by Mr. Dawson reproduced here**

# THE WAR COMES NEARER TO THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINENT




**WHERE THE JAPANESE HAVE PENETRATED IN THEIR DRIVE SOUTHWARDS AND TOWARDS AUSTRALIA: The seizure of Rabaul, the new port and capital of the island of New Britain, which they are now using as a base**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

In the process of driving southwards towards the main British and Dutch possessions in Malaya and the East Indies, the Japanese directed one of their attacks in force on Rabaul, the newly-constructed capital of New Britain (formerly a German island, subsequently mandated to Australia). The town was occupied only after a vigorous defence, the Australian forces in occupation there taking to the hills to the north and west of Rabaul after the fall of the latter: they are here continuing their resistance amidst the villages of the natives. Most of the Australian soldiers are bushmen from Queensland. Rabaul lies on the north side of Blanche Bay and faces the old capital of Kokopo, which now takes a secondary place to up-to-date Rabaul with its aerodromes and other modernities. The harbour has already been raided several times by Australian aircraft, the Japanese shipping suffering damage and some direct hits being scored. The aerodromes and petrol dumps had already been damaged by the land forces before their retirement to the hills. The landing-grounds had been used by aeroplanes on the Sydney-New Guinea service, and also as hopping-off places for the Wau Goldfields



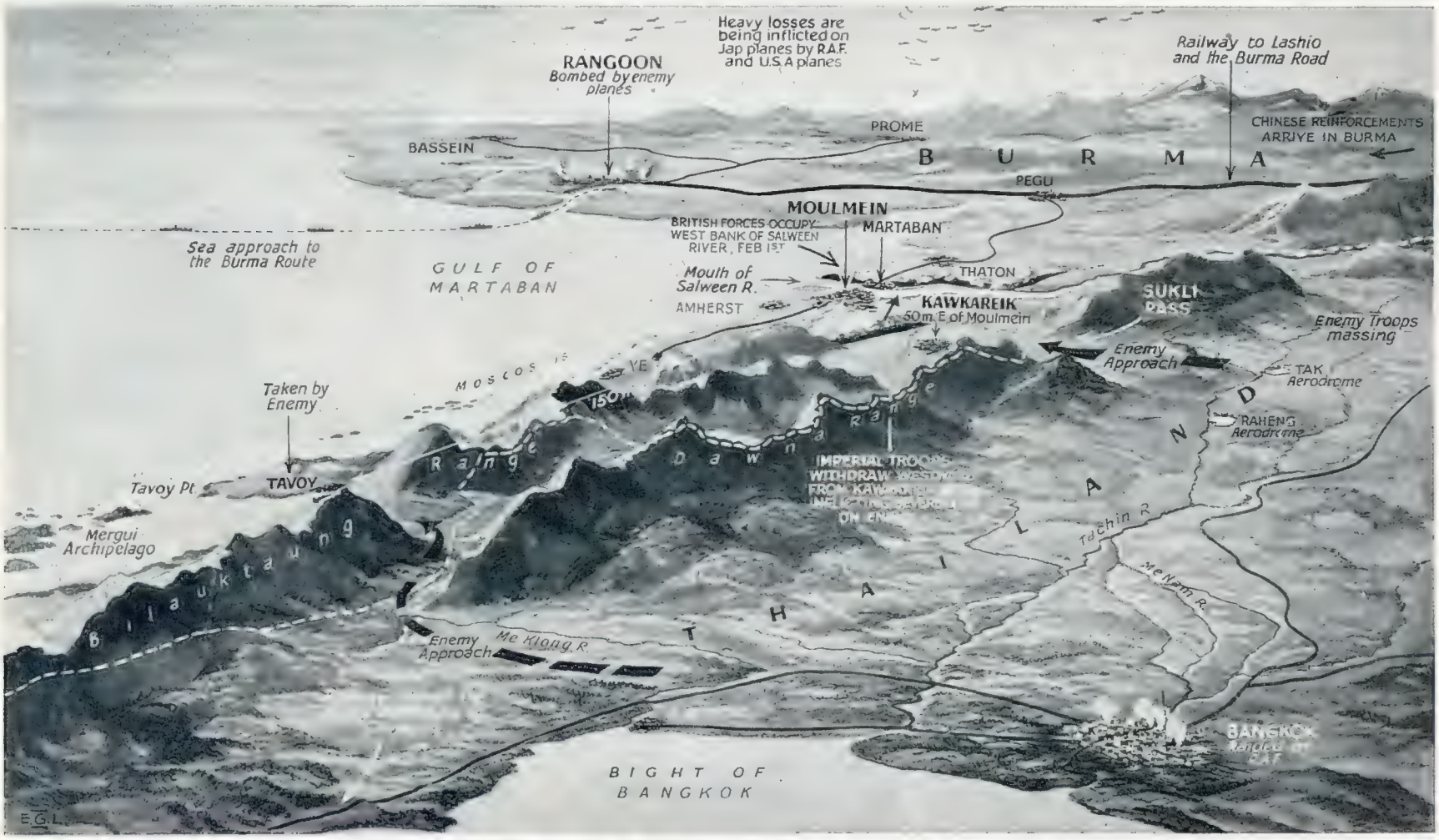
**THE PORT OF DARWIN, which has just sprung into new life, on the north coast of Australia. It is now regarded as a strategic base of the greatest importance in Pacific strategy**

Darwin is a port on the northern coast of Australia, which, to-day—with the war coming ever nearer—is "a base of high importance in the Pacific strategy." According to a special correspondent of *The Times* now in that town, it takes its place with Singapore and Pearl Harbour, "not for the refitting of ships—it has no docks—but for its fuel oil installation. Because of this oil Darwin is important to-day. Otherwise it might still be a ramshackle town of 5,000 or so people, 2,000 miles from the Australian centres of population." The small garrison of pre-war days has grown enormously, and new guns and anti-aircraft batteries have been installed, and new barracks built. Its harbour is superb; and ships of war now lie there whilst planes roar overhead. From the south, at Adelaide, a railway line has been completed as far north as Alice Springs (see map *on left*); from the north, another line runs southwards from Darwin to Daly Waters and Birdum. In between these two railheads are about 600 miles of desert country. With the coming of war, however, the Government decided to strengthen this vital link—with a new all-weather road. The result is the Central Australian Road of 620 miles—from Alice Springs to just north of Birdum. A year ago this road was taken over by the Army, and now convoys traverse it daily. There are only two townships along the route—at Tennant's Creek and Newcastle Waters.

**AUSTRALIAN-BUILT WIRRAWAY AIRCRAFT (ON LEFT) AND BEAUFORTS (ON RIGHT) operating over the new and important base of Port Darwin on the continent's north coast**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

During recent months Australia has greatly developed her output of native-built aircraft. The Commonwealth has concentrated on two main types—the Wirraway and the Beaufort, both of which are shown in the above drawing. The former is, in reality, an American design, and is based on the NA-16 two-seat monoplane perfected by the North American Aviation Company. The Beaufort is our own Bristol aircraft, which is amongst the most versatile of aeroplanes—it can be used as a bomber, general reconnaissance aircraft, or general purposes landplane. Both types are now being turned out in good numbers by Australian workers using Australian materials, and piloted by Australian personnel.

**AN AUSTRALIAN-BUILT WIRRAWAY undergoing tests: Performing a "slow roll" at 180 m.p.h.**




**WHERE THE JAPANESE ARE ATTACKING IN LOWER BURMA: They now hold all the territory to the south of Moulmein, including Mergui and Tavoy, which are necessary for their economic needs. The reasons for this offensive are given in the notes below**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

## The JAPS in LOWER BURMA

### A Note by DONALD COWIE

The temporary fate of Lower Burma in this war was settled when the Japanese took over Thailand and we proved incapable of offering continued resistance to them in North Malaya. But where exactly is this first main Burmese battlefield, and what is it like?

It is, roughly, a narrow strip of rain-soaked, steaming land, rarely more than 50 and never more than 100 miles wide, which runs some 400 miles down the west side of the Malayan Peninsula from Moulmein to Point Victoria, or the narrowest part called the Isthmus of Kra. The whole area is known as the Tenasserim Province. The Japanese entered Lower Burma largely for the purpose of getting a foothold on the shores of the Indian Ocean. The first penetrations into Tenasserim, at the southern end, with Mergui and Tavoy as prime objectives, were calculated to effect this foothold. The bigger fighting afterwards, round Moulmein in the north, had and has a still more sinister purpose.

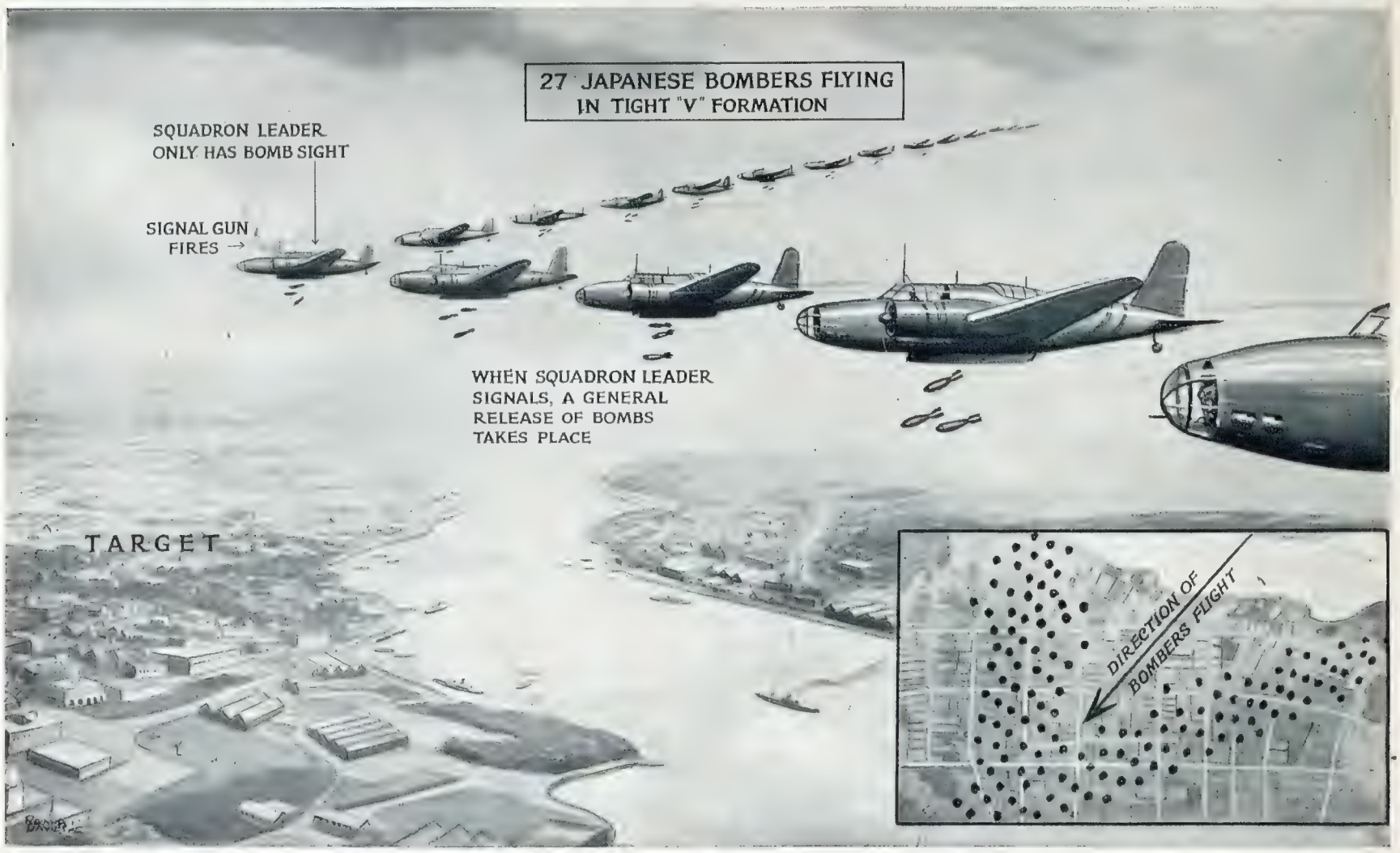
The Japanese came down the eastern side of the Malay Peninsula comfortably by the railway which runs from Bangkok to Penang. Then they took mountain tracks across the Thai border—only about 250 of them at first—for the attacks on Tavoy and Mergui. Tavoy's coming first. Mergui has big tin deposits (situated at Maliwun just outside) beside coal, copper, iron and manganese in its immediate vicinity, and Tavoy has not only more tin but also that invaluable war mineral, wolfram. The Japanese have been licking their lips over these deposits for years.

The big attack of the north, on Moulmein, was directed by the Japanese across the Thai dividing range again (they have certainly shown courage and remarkable enterprise in repeatedly crossing these unmapped, treacherous mountains with their murderous panoply). But once down from the passes, the two main columns, through the villages of Myawaddi and Kawkareik, only settlements of these parts, come immediately to that soft, open country with the rice-fields and the thinner jungle. Moulmein lies only 50 miles ahead, and it is a flat run.

Poor old Moulmein! She has been heading for something like this over many declining years. Once the town was practically the capital of Burma, centre of administration, with a busy trade. Moulmein still exported teak, floated down the Salween, and rubber, brought from plantations to the south, and the ubiquitous rice, but is no longer, economically, an important place. Perhaps we may congratulate ourselves upon that fact at the moment. But——.

Moulmein stands on the railway which links Ye, halfway down to Tavoy, with Rangoon. Now that the Japanese are on that railway they menace Rangoon in strategic flank. Besides, possession of Moulmein (with its good airfield) enables them to blitz Rangoon, the main feeder of the Burma Road, from just 100 miles distance.

# THE AIR WAR IN THE FAR EAST: Japanese Tactics Versus the R.A.F.




**THE MASS-BOMBING TACTICS OF THE JAPANESE: All the bombers in the formation of twenty-seven carry out "pattern bombing" at a signal given by the Squadron-Leader, who alone has a bomb-sight in his plane. This is the method pursued by the Japs in their China campaign**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

## ATTACK AND COUNTER-ATTACK

By A. B. AUSTIN

NOW, after weeks of confused fighting, we begin to see the pattern of the Far East air war.

When the Japanese attacked, they had one great aim. Split. Split the British from the Americans. Split the British in Burma from the British in Malaya. Split Australia from Singapore. Split the Dutch East Indies into fragments.

To do all this they had to seize airfields and naval bases, but particularly airfields. There must be as few bases as possible left for the Allied reinforcements when at last they began to arrive.

The Japanese had a long start, but now the reinforcement race is beginning to catch them up.

At first the air war was all theirs. The American Pacific Fleet, its air and naval bases from Pearl Harbour to the Philippines struck away, found that thousands of miles had been added on to its journey to enemy waters.

It has been rumoured in Singapore that only the leaders of Japanese bombing formations use their bomb-sights, and that the signal for the release of the bombs comes from him. The same rumour, it may be remembered, was current during the first Nazi mass attacks on London by daylight in 1940. In some of their attacks the Japanese bombers have been flying in tight formations of about twenty-seven aircraft: the signal from the Squadron-Leader would be by gun. By this method of "pattern bombing," quite a large area beneath could be completely destroyed, all the bombs hitting the ground in the course of a very few seconds

The few squadrons that had been left to guard America's string of island airfields did what they could. Only twelve planes were on Wake Island. Seven of them were lost in the first Japanese attack on December 8. By December 14 only two were left. One would take the air while mechanics patched the other with wreckage from the rest.

Yet even with such fantastic air support, the 400 defenders of Wake Island held out for nine days and robbed the Japanese of many planes, one light cruiser, two destroyers and one gunboat.

Lack of air protection made Manila, capital of the Philippines, surrender on January 2. The Japanese invasion tactics had been neat. First a series of heavy raids on Clark Field and Nichols Field, the two main air bases, to ground General MacArthur's small air force. They succeeded too well. By December 13 they said that they had destroyed 202 United States' planes in the Philippines, 125 of which were smashed on the ground at the airfields.

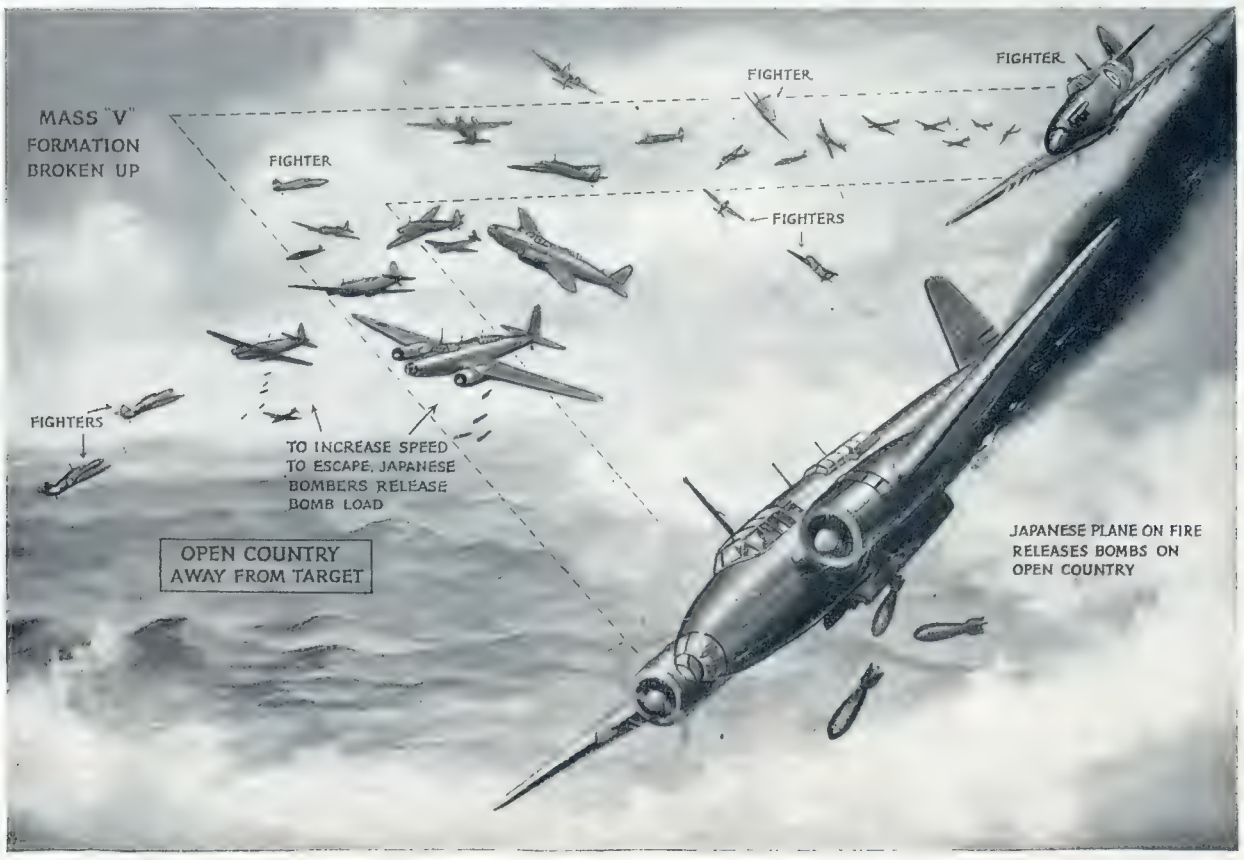
The numbers may be nonsense, but the proportion destroyed on the ground is significant. It seemed that the Americans were being drastically taught the lesson of dispersal.

Almost at the same time as these airfield raids came landings in remote parts of Luzon Island solely for the purpose of establishing shore airfields from which Japanese bombers and fighters could operate. Not until that had been done, and the invaders were sure of their own air support, did the main invasion take place.

When the Pacific war began, the R.A.F. in Burma and the R.A.F. in Malaya were within easy reach of each other. Short-range fighters could hop from Victoria Point aerodrome in Southern Burma to the nearest North Malayan airfield in Kedah State.

At once the Japanese set about widening that distance. They did not mean to let Singapore have short-range fighter reinforcements from Burma if they could help it. The capture of the North Malayan airfields was quickly followed by the capture of Victoria Point.

Now the Japanese have all the airfields between Moulmein, 100 miles




**HOW A FEW FIGHTER PLANES CAN BREAK UP A JAPANESE MASS FORMATION and thus prevent the type of "mass bombing" which is depicted in the larger drawing above**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In their attempts at "mass bombing" on the follow-my-leader principle outlined in the drawing *at the top* of this page, a handful of our fighters have often broken up the big enemy formations. The drawing immediately *above* shows what happens when two or three British pilots encounter a big Japanese squadron. Flying straight at them, the fighters force the bombers to break up their "vics": there is little left for the latter to do then beyond dive swiftly to escape the avengers, dropping their bombs harmlessly as they go

from Rangoon, and Singapore Island. Our Burma and Malaya air forces are 1,000 miles apart.

Why this overwhelming Japanese success in seizing airfields? Not so much poor aerodrome ground defences as lack of fighters. Even the best-defended aerodrome cannot hold out indefinitely against an enemy who has complete air mastery.

Our Malaya fighter force was too small to be frittered away hundreds of miles north of Singapore. General Pownall and Air Vice-Marshal Pulford, at Singapore, had the same problem as Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, Fighter Command C.-in-C., during the Battle of France. Should they send their fighters far afield on the chance that the enemy might be held, and risk having none to defend the main island when the final battle came?

Their waiting game has been justified so far. As soon as the Japanese came near enough to Singapore for the Brewster Buffalos, and later the twelve-machine-gun Hurricane reinforcements, to be used effectively, they were thrown into the battle.

They have not only slowed down the Japanese advance along the roads of Johore, but they have hit the Japanese raiders of Singapore hard.

The scale of battle is so much smaller that the numbers shot down over Singapore may not seem to us very significant. Still, the percentages

**BIG BRITISH BOMBERS HAVE PROVED VERY MANŒUVRABLE AND EFFICIENT IN ATTACK; and in the Far East they have shown that they can "mix it" at normal levels with enemy fighters one-fifth their own weight**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

**A JAPANESE METHOD OF ATTACK OVER BRITISH AERODROMES IN BURMA: Stage I—Jap fighters engage British fighters long enough to compel the latter to land for refuelling, thus rendering the aerodrome defences weaker**

**Stage II—After the defending fighters have temporarily disappeared to refuel and rearm, over come the enemy bombers to dispose of their loads**—*Drawings by E. G. Lambert*

The two drawings given here show stages in a method of aerodrome attack which the Japanese have been endeavouring to put into practice in Lower Burma. First, the Japs throw in a considerable number of fighters: these are engaged by the defenders, the enemy then endeavouring to lure the latter to expend all their fuel and their ammunition. If they succeed in this object, the moment the defenders land to refuel and re-arm the Jap bombers come on the scene. But such tactics are not capable of frequent repetition, as the enemy have already discovered to their cost!

of enemy aircraft destroyed in single raids have been comparable with the Battle of Britain. The Japanese have been losing well over the 10 per cent. which no air force can stand if the rate of loss is continued for long.

And the anti-aircraft gunners in Malaya have been doing remarkably well. Their score of Japanese bombers and fighters is nearing the hundred. The Singapore A.-A. batteries have set up a record. Thirteen out of a hundred raiding Japanese bombers and fighters were destroyed on January 23. Nine of these were shot down by A.-A. guns. That is the highest percentage in one raid that any anti-aircraft gunners have been able to claim in this war.

Brewster Buffalos have tackled Messerschmitts over Malaya as successfully as did our Spitfires and Hurricanes during the Battle of Britain. Flown by Australian pilots, they escorted Hudson bombers to attack a Japanese convoy off Endau on January 26. They not only brought the Hudsons home without loss, but shot down twelve enemy fighters, most of which were Japanese-built Messerschmitts.

In Burma the R.A.F., equipped with Hurricanes and Buffalos, Blenheims and Hudsons, and the American volunteer fighter force, have a double job. They have to guard the Burma Road from Rangoon northwards, and to attack the Japanese aerodromes and supply bases in Thailand.

The Burma fighter force has been shooting down an even higher percentage of raiders than the Singapore squadrons. Their machine-guns shattered twenty-one out of some seventy Japanese bombers and fighters in one raid, or 35 per cent. The rest of that raid never reached Rangoon. Their bombs fell harmlessly in rice-fields. On January 28 the Anglo-American fighter force destroyed ten and damaged nine out of a formation of twenty-five.

The Japanese aircraft losses over Burma or on Thailand aerodromes are now well over the hundred mark.

American volunteer fighter pilots have flown from China as well as from Burma. They were part of the formation of seventy bombers and fighters from Chiang Kai-Shek's air force which raided the Japanese air base of Hanoi on January 25 without losing a single plane.

But the most encouraging development in the Far East air war comes from far to the south and east, over the Dutch East Indies. The whole of Japan's war depends on sea routes. She is fighting along the base of a great triangle of which the sides are nearly 3,000 miles long.

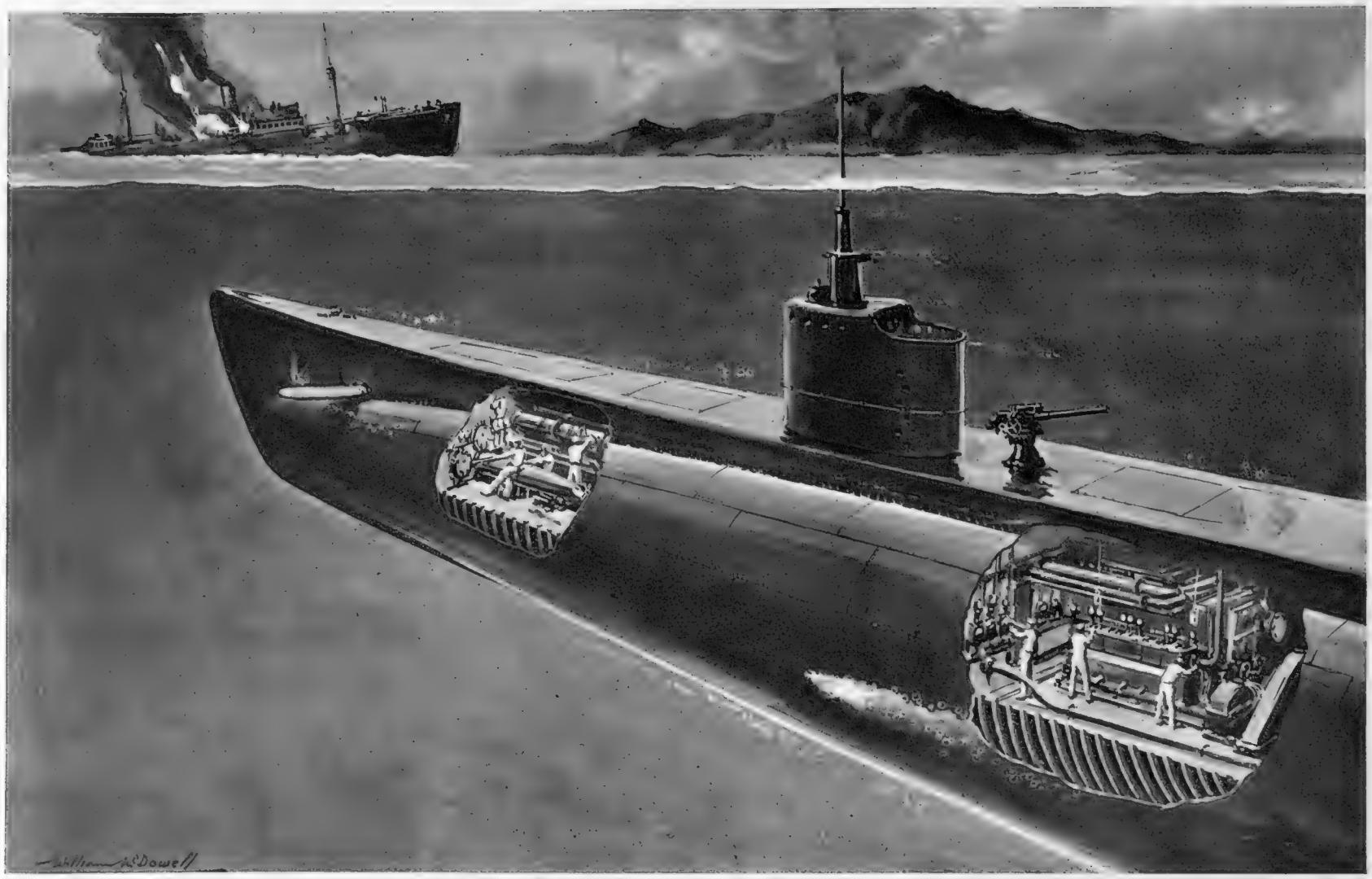
Cripple her convoys, and her invading armies are on the way to defeat. To wage a successful convoy war from Australia to the Indian Ocean and far up into the China Seas, we need many more long-range bombers, submarines and surface raiders.

Meanwhile, the American Flying Fortresses and the long-range bombers of the Dutch East Indies Air Force are showing the way.

Until recently we thought of the four-engined Flying Fortress as a sub-stratosphere plane, an invisible, inaudible daylight terror. In the Far East they have shown that they can "mix it" at normal levels with enemy fighters one-fifth their weight.

During the long and successful attack on the great Japanese convoy in the Macassar Straits, a force of Flying Fortresses were attacked by twelve Japanese fighters. They shot down five of them, showing that they are as manœuvrable as our own giant Stirlings have proved against Messerschmitts.

To the Dutch East Indies, we may owe most gratitude when the defeat of Japan is accomplished. Singapore is no longer effective as a naval and air base. The American bases are in enemy hands. But the Dutch are said to have a thousand landing-grounds scattered over the East Indies.



**NOW INVADING JAPANESE HOME WATERS : A United States submarine, exhibiting the long, clean hull and sharp bow which are typical of the underwater vessels of the American Fleet**

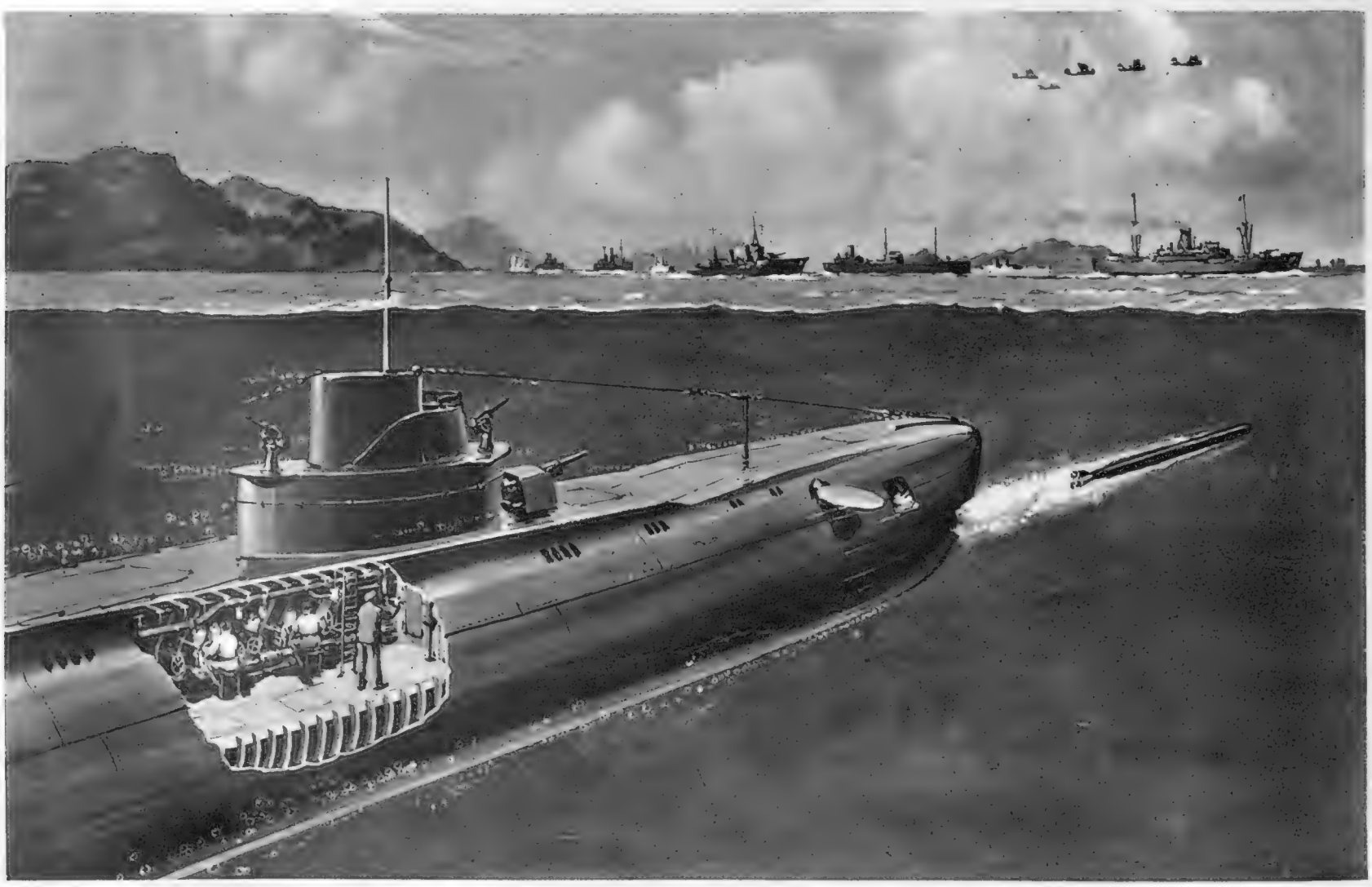
Very creditable work has already been performed in Japanese home waters by submarines of both the Dutch and American Navies. In attacks against Convoys and against enemy war vessels, a number of successes have been scored, and "alarm and despondency" must have been created in the enemy's ranks on more than one recent occasion ! The two pictures reproduced here illustrate the differences between the two types of underwater craft now operating against the Japanese in the Far East. The American type is distinguished by the long, clean lines of its hull and by its sharp bow : in the drawing *above*, the forward section shows the location of the Torpedo Room (with a tube actually in process of reloading) ; whilst the second section shows the all-important engine-room. The *lower* drawing shows one of the newest Dutch submarines : in the illustration the Commander is at the periscope, whilst the crew are keeping the vessel at the required depth by careful balancing of the tanks and adjustment of the hydroplanes. It is worthy of note that some of the Dutch submarines carry two 2-pounder guns in addition to one of 3·5-in. One of these vessels accomplished a record passage for an unescorted submarine from the Netherlands to the Dutch East Indies : she went by way of South America and Western Australia, a distance of 23,000 miles ; and she proved an excellent sea-boat

**The WAR in the FAR EAST** *(cont.)*

# The WORK of ALLIED SUBMARINES

## Both the Dutch Navy and the U.S. Navy Have Scored Some Notable Successes by Torpedo against the Japanese

*—Two drawings by Wm. McDowell*

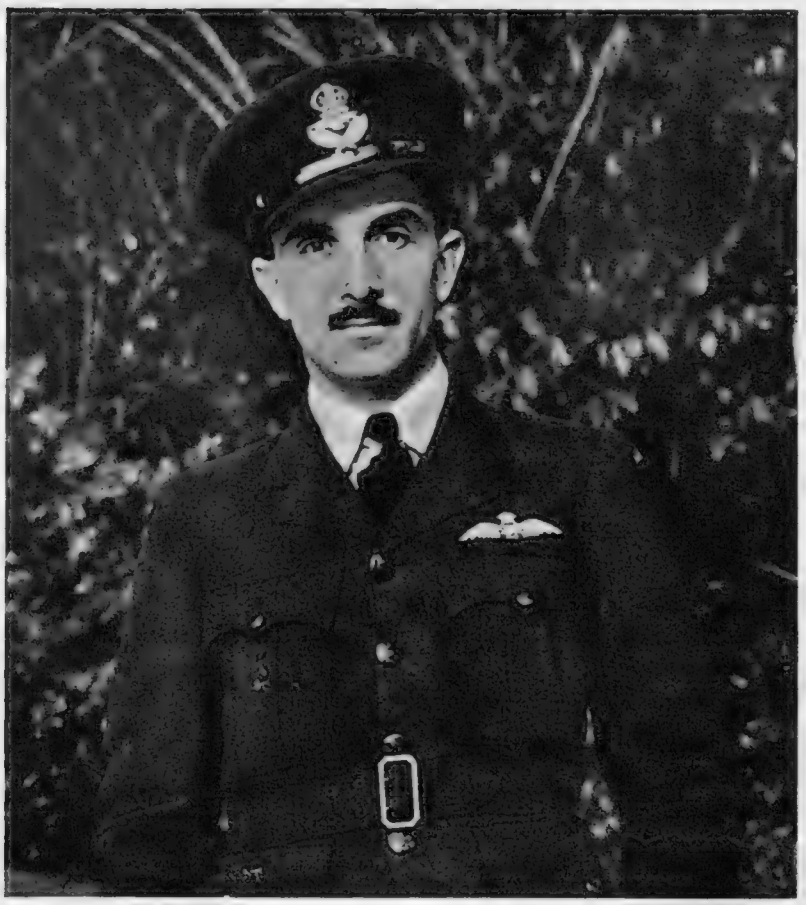


**A DUTCH SUBMARINE ATTACKING A JAPANESE CONVOY : This vessel should be compared with the American type above ; it exhibits a long cylindrical outline, and the additional guns are also a very distinctive feature. These vessels are capable of long voyages in open waters**

# ADVENTURES IN WARTIME

**WATCHING HIS COMRADES CARRY ON IN THE AIR ABOVE AFRICA :** After bombing, with devastating effect, an Italian supply column (seen blazing in the background), this R.A.F. sergeant-pilot was shot down by anti-aircraft fire over North Africa and captured by the Italians. In this eloquent picture, the pilot is seen between two of his captors watching his colleagues carrying on with their bombing operations

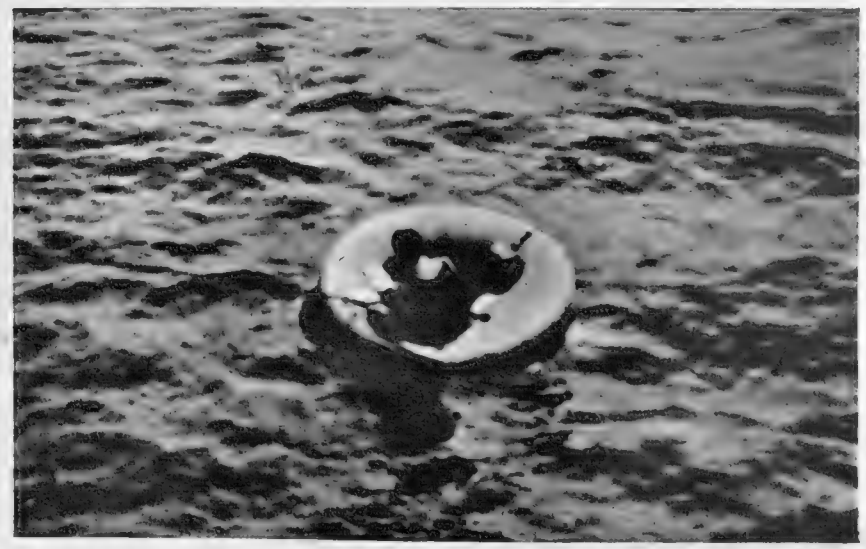
**A DRAMATIC PICTURE OF THE PLIGHT OF AN R.A.F. PILOT :** This picture comes from an enemy source, but no mention is made of the location—although it is probably the North Sea or the Mediterranean. The Germans state that this man is a British fighter-pilot who was using the wing of his wrecked aircraft as a raft after having been shot down in the sea. The pilot is greeting his enemy rescuers as they approach to take him off



**A RECORD CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC IN A FERRY BOMBER : The first trainee to cross puts up a new record !** Pilot Officer George Vivian Syer hails from Caterham, in Surrey. He is thirty-one years of age, and has been serving in the R.A.F. for the past eighteen months : formerly he was a clergyman in Australia, but he left that country to train for flying duties. In the course of time he went to Canada, where his training was completed and where he was detailed as the first trainee to ferry a bomber back to Britain. The Hudson in which he made the flight crossed in record time—eight hours and one minute ! This picture was taken at Caterham whilst Pilot Officer Syer was on leave after his great achievement

**AN ENGLISHMAN COMES THROUGH GERMANY : Mr. Raymond Dixon,** a twenty-seven-year-old civilian pilot and Rugby player, has returned to his old home at Whitley Bay to join up with the British forces after service with the Finns against Russia. His journey has taken nearly two years to complete. He was one of a number of volunteer British airmen who went out to help the Finns when Russia carried out her invasion. When Finnish resistance collapsed, Mr. Dixon obtained a post with the British Legation

**THE LEADER OF THE FAMOUS HONG KONG ESCAPE :** The Chinese Admiral Chan-Chak, one of the boldest and most romantic figures in Chinese naval history. It was this man who led about eighty British officers and men and 100 Chinese soldiers in a wild dash from the beleaguered island of Hong Kong on Christmas morning. Seizing five naval speed-boats, the party played hide-and-seek with Japanese units in a series of engagements, which lasted for four days, off the South China coast. They eventually reached safety !



**THREE DAYS ADRIFT IN THE NORTH SEA and now completely recovered—the adventure of a Canadian sergeant-observer :** The sergeant from Toronto seen *on the left* was for three days adrift in the North Sea in a rubber dinghy—and with a broken ankle—before he was picked up. After taking a "rehabilitation course," he has now completely recovered. This course was established by the Air Ministry at a north-west holiday resort where airmen injured by enemy action or during the course of flying duties undergo treatment. In the majority of cases, the patients make a 100 per cent. recovery from their injuries

# THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF A SUNDERLAND CREW

**SCENE—THE MEDITERRANEAN; DATE—DECEMBER 22, 1941: AFTER THE FORCED LANDING FOUR MILES OFF THE COAST OF CYRENAICA: Passengers and crew of the big Sunderland flying-boat sit on the wing of the aircraft as it is blown towards the hostile shore**

**SOON AFTER THEY HAD LANDED THE BRITISH PARTY WERE TAKEN PRISONER BY ITALIAN SOLDIERS: Very shortly, however, the roles were reversed—and prisoners became captors!**

During a flight over the Mediterranean on December 22 a Sunderland flying-boat of the R.A.F. met with two Messerschmitts. The encounter was brief: one was shot down, and the other was damaged and made off. During the battle, however, the starboard engines of the flying-boat were hit and ceased to function.

Land was in sight, but the Sunderland lost height rapidly, and a forced landing in the rough sea was made. The ailerons were damaged and one of the floats broke off. Yet the Sunderland remained afloat for two and a half hours, and, fortunately, was blown towards land by a strong north-west wind.

Finally, it was decided to leave the rapidly-breaking-up flying-boat and to attempt to swim the remaining distance to the shore. In all, there were twenty on board. It was midday. They discovered themselves on a rocky beach, and estimated their position to be just west of Apollonia. Suddenly, from the wall of rocks there appeared about twenty armed Italian soldiers. The captain of the aircraft went forward to surrender, as his party was without arms. To his astonishment, the nearest Italian raised his rifle above his head and threw it away. It was an unusual situation, and the British party had not quite recovered from seeing the Italians behave as friends when another group of Italians arrived. This time there were about eighty. These Italians were more aggressive, and formally declared the British party to be their prisoners.

With the dawn, another start was made. Suddenly, twenty Italian officers ran forward from a cluster of bushes. The Germans, they said, had taken their vehicles and had told them to get to safety as best they could. So disturbed were they that they actually proposed to the leader of the British party that an agreement should be reached whereby, in exchange for their help, they should receive favoured treatment in the event of their capture by the English. A little later the party was again increased in number, this time by an Italian major with about fifty men.

In due course the band arrived at the Arab village of El Hamia. One of the Royal Air Force officers whispered to an Arab that if he could get a note delivered to the British forces not more than fifteen miles away, a reward would be forthcoming. The Arab agreed and slid off into the darkness.

The next morning brought another unusual situation. The major sent for the R.A.F. leader and said he proposed to leave for Benghazi. The question arose as to who actually held the town. Finally, the major decided that he would leave with his men, allowing the British to remain with the Arabs.

Later the Arab sheikh produced guides and pack-horses to take the party to the British lines. After having travelled for an hour, the party overtook some of the Italian major's men. There were some two dozen Italians. Each one threw away his rifle or handed it over. Similar incidents happened on four occasions, and after three hours the company was more than a hundred strong. In due course the British lines were reached, and the young New Zealand flight lieutenant handed over his prisoners.

**This is the man who took the pictures—a Sergeant-Observer who went on operating his camera even when his party was in grave danger**

The captain of the aircraft, a New Zealander, signals with his Aldis lamp to the shore, in the hope of attracting attention

THE WRECKED FLYING-BOAT DOESN'T TAKE LONG TO BREAK UP: With its back broken and its wings torn and shattered, it is left to the mercy of the sea

ON THE TREK THROUGH THE DESERT, two officers of the party find a rain pool, and go down on their knees to drink. The dog in the picture went through the whole adventure . . .

ON THE THIRD DAY OF THEIR ADVENTURE, the British party (having been deserted by their Italian captors) continue on foot towards the British lines. The Arab is a guide who volunteered for this iob, together with his very useful donkey

THESE ARE SOME OF THE ITALIAN SOLDIERS who threw away their rifles and joined the party of R.A.F. men heading for the British lines. They were handed in as prisoners of war when the trek was over—and seemed quite happy about it all!

# WANTED—A CONTROLLER OF WARTIME CAMOUFLAGE

*What has been Done, and what Still Remains to be Done, in the Art of Concealing Objectives. This is More Necessary Now than in the Last War, Owing to Aerial Reconnaissance*

By CHARLES GRAVES

CAMOUFLAGE is literally as old as the hills. And yet this French word for protective colouring did not become part of the English language until the World War. Even then, its adaptation was exceedingly amateurish compared with to-day, when reconnaissance aircraft and aerial cameras are used so much more. Germany and Russia are both fully aware of the importance of camouflage when used in a positive way. In England, camouflage is not under any central control. And instead of being used as part of the war strategy, it is regarded as a separate entity—specialist work done by cranks. (When you look at some of these camouflage experts, this attitude in not surprising.)

Here, camouflage is split up into four sections—Home Security, Royal Air Force, War Office, and Admiralty. They all work independently, and it was long after the start of the war that a committee was formed to enable the heads of various departments to compare notes and pass on information gained by experiments. The tragedy of the situation is that camouflage has been dictated by the Treasury, which thinks in terms of cost per yard, rather than in terms of complete forms of concealment. The Treasury, for example, will think of the cost of protecting a production unit of Vickers (who make Wellingtons) in terms of, say, £180,000, rather than in terms of six Wellingtons. And yet one Wellington might cause a million pounds' worth of damage to the enemy.

Of the four authorities, the Air Ministry is certainly the most enterprising. At first it was compelled to indulge in a negative form of camouflage—temporarily covering up vulnerable aerodromes. To-day they screen them properly, and change the aspect of existing air stations. The Army, having introduced khaki at the suggestion of the late Duke of Connaught, has been much less go-ahead. It is true that the Australian slouch hat is a logical piece of camouflage in uniform. But, speaking generally, much of the Army camouflage has been more like fancy dress than anything else. Dazzle painting for static sites is inadequate. It is certainly not positive. The Russians are far ahead of us in this respect.

When the Germans advance upon them, they found five lines of defence. The first is camouflaged, and draws the enemy fire. So does the second. The third is a real line of defence, and if the occupants have to retreat, they do so behind the fourth line, which is also camouflaged. By the time the advancing Germans reach the fifth line (which is a real one), a high percentage of their immediately available ammunition has been used up unnecessarily. In Russia, too, the gigantic amount of labour available makes it easy for experiments to be tried—and scrapped, if found unsuccessful. As a case in point, a British expert, asked how to camouflage a broad main street in a big town, suggested that the best way would be to build real houses down the main street. "Of course, it will take about six months," he said. Within a fortnight, the houses had been built. The Russians then flew over the town in an aircraft, reported that it was a failure as camouflage, and within a fortnight the houses had all been taken down again. Contrast that with an English brigadier last year, who refused to fly over a recently camouflaged area—to see the effect. The reason he gave was that he could tell quite well from the ground how it would look from above. Admittedly, he has since been given the Order of the Bowler Hat. . . .

Another War Office story is of Major Taylor, the American military observer, who was taken to Scotland to see the latest camouflage effects. Seven huts had been treated, and, at 12,000 ft., these were pointed out to him. The aeroplane then had to descend to 2,000 ft. to show him how cleverly the camouflage experts had painted the seven different huts with seven different colours! There is, I may add, a somewhat similar R.A.F. story of the pilot flying at 15,000 ft., who said admiringly to his civilian passenger: "Look at that factory—it's marvellously camouflaged, isn't it?"

There are three different aspects of camouflage, or, rather, problems—shape, texture, and colour. Any enemy pilot with a map will fail to be fooled by the cleverest camouflage (in the way of colour) if he can still see the familiar outline of his target. As for colour, it is no good having a camouflage scheme which is perfect for springtime. For this automatically means that it will be imperfect for the rest of the year. Camouflage should be treated like a garden, and regularly tended. Otherwise it will be like a burglar who hides behind the curtains leaving his shoes visible at the bottom. Obviously, the ideal form of camouflage is that of the leaf-insect—which looks exactly like a leaf, veins and all. But, in view of the Treasury's attitude, the only thing for camouflage experts to do is to imitate the zebra. The Germans are less hidebound. One reads in the newspapers day after day about the bombing of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* at Brest. A reason for our continuous attentions is that "Salmon and Gluckstein" are continually being camouflaged anew, and we want to make quite certain that we are hitting them. In this connection, here are twelve rules about camouflage kindly provided by the leading German expert on camouflage, Colonel Elard Baron von Loewenstern, a member of the Historical Section of the German Air Ministry:

(1) Road traffic gives away many secrets. The amount of traffic over a particular road has therefore always to be the same. Traffic regulations have to be observed strictly, especially by troops billeted in towns, villages, or camps. They have to avoid the streets as much as possible in daytime. It is often too late to take cover when aeroplanes are heard approaching. Reconnaissance machines flying very high are often not heard at all, but the air photographs record everything.

(2) Natural camouflage has to be used as much as possible.

(3) Planning good artificial camouflage requires long and artistic intuition.

(4) Bad camouflage makes more harm and gives away more secrets than no camouflage at all.

(5) Camouflage has to be planned and prepared before the actual work on fortifications, trenches, gun emplacements, ammunition dumps, etc., has started, or before the troops or vehicles which shall be hidden have been assembled. Not after.

(6) Strictest discipline on the roads has to be observed, especially at night. Even the smallest light can be observed from the air. The smallest streaks of light emanated through the tiniest holes in the covers of head-lamps of running vehicles will be observed from the air as dim rays moving forward. If the surface of the road is wet, the reflection of the light will be recognised more easily from the air than in the case of dry roads.

(7) It is always more advisable to plan more camouflage than too little. Storing of large quantities of camouflage materials on a few places has to be avoided. These materials have to be spread over a large area.

(8) Artificial camouflage has to be inspected and replaced at regular intervals.

(9) Artificial camouflage has to look natural and to fit into the surrounding landscape. Weather and time of the year have to be taken into account when camouflage is planned.

(10) Even if camouflage of a certain place is no longer necessary, it is advisable to preserve it in a useful condition as long as possible. The enemy may have photographed this particular spot. If, therefore, camouflage is removed too early, all the previous efforts are spoilt. Furthermore, such a camouflage may be used later.

(11) Only the closest collaboration between the Air Force and the ground troops guarantees good camouflage.

(12) Yet, despite camouflage or taking cover, only one thought has to inspire the German soldier. Defence goes before taking cover. But even defence may be forbidden, at least temporarily, in order to deceive the enemy.

Water has always been the greatest headache for camouflage experts. Everything has been tried—soot, leaves, charcoal, colouring material. But to no purpose. You can no more conceal the Spree at Hamburg than you can conceal the Thames. You might be able to drain some of the lakes near Potsdam, or the Welsh Harp at Hendon. Even then you would have to alter the shape of the bottom of the lake, and build the replica some miles away.

But what efforts are being made in this direction by the Admiralty?

Lieut. Peter Scott, R.N.V.R., the son of Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer, is an expert on the latest forms of naval camouflage as used by destroyers. Norman Wilkinson was a pioneer in the last war. The son of a distinguished R.A. has also been allowed a fairly free hand—with little ships. One of his more successful efforts resulted in an amusing gibe at an auxiliary vessel. "Judging by your barrage balloon," signalled a rude trawler on a flash-lamp, "I presume that you are H.M.S. 'X.'" She was, too.

Camouflage of aerodromes sometimes has amusing results. Recently a pilot landed at what is considered the best camouflaged air station in Great Britain. A group captain asked the pilot how on earth he had found his way to the station. "Very simple, Sir," said the pilot. "Everything else was normal all round. This particular area was so invisible that I knew it must be an aerodrome."

The testing of camouflage, incidentally, now demands the services of as many colour-blind observers as possible. Anyone who is colour-blind can see right through the most cleverly contrived camouflage. No wonder a great deal of research work is being conducted in connection with infra-red.

Let me conclude with a few uncorrelated facts about camouflage.

The Ministry of Home Security has a "moonshine" equipment for testing colours on tops of factories, and a colour-scheme of black and green has been found most effective.

Farmers have been found to be much better critics, both constructively and destructively, of camouflage schemes than artists and theorists.

The effect on the morale of munition workers is most important. All factories should be camouflaged, if only for this reason.

One of the most elaborate camouflage effects was an imitation cow with a tail which worked by clockwork on the top of a grass-green aerodrome.

Experiments in camouflage sent along to the experts are usually uneconomical in maintenance rather than in original cost.

Someone like Lord Beaverbrook is badly needed to co-ordinate all four camouflage bodies of this country.

Until this appointment is made, there will be waste of time, labour, money.

**ONE SHIP THAT LOOKED LIKE TWO! A camouflage effort of the last war**—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

This drawing was reproduced in *The Sphere* in March last year. It is published again here as it so admirably indicates what can be done in disguising vessels at sea. Mr. Dawson (who served as a naval officer during the last war) writes: "I remember passing one armed merchantman which seemed to have two bows. In the distance when first sighted she seemed to be two ships lying close together: but as we approached her the secret was revealed as I have indicated in my drawing. Towards her stern a fantastic fan-spray of bands and blobs of colour positively made the eyes ache"

# CARING for our PRISONERS OF WAR

**PARCELS FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR : These are of various kinds—the largest pile consists of the standard 10-lb. parcels sent by the British Red Cross ; the cases on the left contain Canadian parcels, kept here pending redespatch**

**AT THE GENEVA-CORNAVIN STATION : The loading of British parcels—the standard British Red Cross 10-lb. parcels and the larger Canadian cases**

**THE CASES FOR PRISONERS ARE UNPACKED AND THEIR CONTENTS CHECKED : Those in the left foreground are destined for Indians—an indication of the careful consideration given to special foods for Colonials**

**ON THE BLACKBOARD IS SHOWN THE TOTAL OUTGOING AND INCOMING GENERAL MAIL : Up to January 18, the Agency had received 10,330,206 letters, and sent out 10,520,496**

The Central Agency for Prisoners of War is only one of the many sections of the International Red Cross at Geneva. It was Henri Dunant of that town who founded that organisation after the Battle of Solferino ; and his efforts were so much appreciated that, in 1864, the Swiss Federal Council (with the support of Napoleon III) called the Conference which adopted the Red Cross emblem in memory of the cross so often unfurled by Swiss soldiers on the battlefields of Europe. Although the primary object of the

(Continued below)

**LETTERS FOR PRISONERS : This section of the Agency deals with the preliminary sorting of the mail for British prisoners of war**

new work was, irrespective of party, to succour the wounded and dress their hurts, the Red Cross organisation was soon establishing communications between prisoners of war and their families. The war of 1914-18 enabled the Red Cross to perfect that organisation ; and from the very outbreak of the present conflagration it was in a position to install—without loss of time—the sections of the Agency which rendered such valuable service during the hostilities in Poland. Recognised by every Government, the Prisoners of War Agency receives the official lists of all prisoners : it then gets in touch with their families, to which it sends news of their condition and health ; it likewise undertakes to furnish prisoners with information about their families, and to transmit to them any parcels which are sent out. In a word, the Central Prisoners of War Agency is the connecting-link between combatants who have fallen into enemy hands and their families, parents, wives and children back at home

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

# A WIDE CHOICE OF READING

*When Britain Fought Alone: Miss Carola Oman's Historical Parallel—Another London "Blitz" Story; and Two Quieter Novels—Mr. Bernard Newman Ends the War—Carter Dickson at His Best*

THE historical parallel between this, the Second German war, and the Napoleonic Wars, has not been lost on most people. The analogy has been the inspiration of a number of wishful thinkers, who can point to the fact that it is one thing to conquer and dominate Europe and another thing to hold it, so long as the people of this island remain unsubdued. Then, of course, there is the striking parallel with what is happening on the road to Moscow to-day—though it remains to be seen whether Hitler's famous intuition is likely to be able to save him from the consequences of the same indiscretion committed by a far greater General than any to be found in Central Europe to-day.

In **BRITAIN AGAINST NAPOLEON** (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.), Miss Carola Oman reviews the period between 1793 and 1815, when this country stood alone against a victorious and overwhelmingly strong Continental Power with whom we had eventually to fight it out or perish. She draws liberally from contemporary documents, notably from Farington's diary, Hickey's *Memoirs* and Landman's *Recollections*, as well as from letters, diaries, magazines and newspapers. In this task she shows herself to be aware of some formidable precedents, but she tackles it with vigorous originality, and reveals a considerable knowledge of the period.

The most obvious conclusion to be drawn from this exceedingly readable and enjoyable survey is that history, for all the hopeful signs gathered by the wishful thinkers, does not repeat itself. It should be remembered that in those days communications were slow, and that therefore the whole basis of strategy was something very different. Intelligence in those days was something which was liable to arrive so far after the event as to be almost useless. News travelled slowly, and the impact of events upon the public consciousness was that much blunted.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when the news came that Napoleon was preparing to invade England, the Prime Minister called for an exhaustive survey of the measures taken to repel the Spanish Armada in Elizabeth's time. It should be remembered that Pitt was leading a country which had not been stirred to a real sense of immediate danger. The defence of these shores was a matter for the Navy and for those whose profession was that of arms.

It is significant to recall, for instance, that there is no mention of war, nor of Napoleon, in any of Jane Austen's novels. Even so, when the country began slowly to awake to its danger; when recruiting for the Fencibles and Volunteers was brisk, and the frightening of little children with the bogy man of Boney became a current practice, the preparations for resistance to Bonaparte's victorious army included men with pitchforks.

Yet, in spite of these things, the rough parallel is there. Britain's allies failing her one by one, until she wakes to the realisation that she must stand and fight alone. The "distant and expensive" Peninsula campaign then begins to take on a significance, while the importance of sea power is brought to a victorious conclusion in the Battle of Trafalgar.

In the space of a short review it is difficult to do justice to this very interesting, instructive and entertaining book. It will teach the layman a lot, while he is being entertained, and the historians will find in it little about which they can quibble. Some of them may even take a lesson in the good reporting of history.

**SALLY KNOWS THAT WASTE PAPER IS A MUNITION OF WAR!**

**TWO SALLYS SET OUT TO HELP IN THE WASTE-PAPER SALVAGE CAMPAIGN:** Two helpers by the name of Sally have been doing their bit in Marylebone's Salvage effort. One is the famous Old English sheepdog, who was Arthur Askey's "playmate" in his film, *I Thank You*: she has recently been taking a vacation from flocks of sheep, to round up waste paper! The other Sally is nine-year-old Sally Kemble, a schoolgirl: she has been helping the other Sally, by contributing a bundle to the truck to which the "playmate" was harnessed.

**THE SALVAGE OF WASTE PAPER IS A REAL WARTIME TASK!**

In her new novel, **FOREST SILVER** (Methuen. 8s.), Miss E. M. Ward has forsaken the Romney Marshes for the Lake Country. There she introduces us not so much to the locals as to a collection of people who have gone up there to seek sanctuary from air raids.

The story concerns a Wing-Commander who has won the V.C., but is invalided out of the R.A.F. with an apparently irreparably damaged constitution. His emotions, too, have received a bit of a jolt, and having broken off his engagement to a singularly unattractive young woman, he goes off to Grasmere in search of peace for mind and body.

Richard Blunt is thirty-five, and Miss Corys de Bainriggs, who extends to him not only the hospitality of her house on Grasmere Island, but her friendship as well, is only seventeen. The local inhabitants are a mixture of those who are indigenous, and those whom they in their turn describe as "off-comes." Prominent among these are three suburban sisters; incongruously named from the "Blessed Damozel," and an equally misnamed family called Lovely.

Those who read and enjoyed *Appledore Bay* will not expect the finished and well-rounded course of a love-affair between Richard and Corys, though Miss Ward knows very well how to make convincing a friendship between a man and a woman, and at the same time to draw full measure from a countryside which has inspired even greater writers than she. Miss Ward can contrive good entertainment from the observation of natural things, and from the interplay of an assortment of some very real people.

In **LONDON PRIDE** (Faber. 6s.) Miss Phyllis Bottome gives us a slight, but poignant vignette of that London which demonstrated its courage to the world just about a year ago. Her hero is a little boy of seven, with an infant sister in his charge. Next door, in the East End slum, lives Em'ly, who is nine years old and belongs to a very much less pleasant and respectable family than Ben's. These two form a sort of pact and work out for themselves their own design for living in a "blitz." Em'ly is tough and predatory, and between them they manage to scrounge their way through; to look after their respective infants, and generally to survive their experiences with their nerves and their courage, if not their integrity, intact. It is a sensitive and poignant study in which Miss Bottome deploys her not inconsiderable gifts to the very best advantage.

There is nothing very harrowing or poignant about Miss Edith Pargeter's new novel, **ORDINARY PEOPLE** (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.). Yet, although her Caswalls may be ordinary people, they are well worth meeting here. The story is set in a small Shropshire town, and it concerns a working-class couple and the marriages of their four children. "Big" George is quite content with life as he finds it; has no wish to get on, and does not even want a foreman's job, even though it would bring more money into the household for the children. Nothing much happens until they grow up and begin to go their own way. "Little" George finds happiness and contentment with life on a farm, but Jason, who is sharper and more ambitious, manages to get himself to Oxford. Of the two girls, one of them refuses to marry the man who is supposed to have "wronged" her, and the other, the unselfish Hazel, refuses to yield to the dictates of her heart, and leave home while her wages are so badly needed there. Both of them find happiness in the unflinching line that they take.

This is a novel strongly to be recommended, for it has a kind of quiet beauty of its own, and is full of warmth and of a pleasant appreciation of the best qualities in human beings.

Mr. Bernard Newman's **SECRET WEAPON** (Gollancz. 8s.) rushes us straight through a breathless narrative to a dramatic and triumphant end to the war, in which he and his hero (for he is a well-known expert in the first person singular) enjoy the pleasant spectacle of a handcuffed Goebbels watching Hitler go mad, and the presentation to Mussolini of a revolver with one cartridge in it.

His hero, Drummond, produces a new bomb, so devastating in its effect that it can, and does, wipe out a whole city upon delivery. But Drummond is no ordinary scientist. He is a man who is determined not to waste his invention as the tank was wasted in 1916. So he demonstrates his bomb to the Prime Minister, Mr. Worton Spender, who is so impressed that he offers him a peerage or a million pounds. Drummond refuses, but demands instead to be made a Minister of State—in a position, that is, in which he can order Generals and Air-Marshals to do his bidding, and even to dictate the terms of surrender to the frightened foe. It is a story in which Mr. Newman's gusto, verve and gift for lively and continuous action are fully displayed. We are delighted, of course, to see that a place has been found for our old friend Papa Pontivy, and we should be even more delighted if we thought that true prophecy was among Mr. Newman's other gifts.

Mr. Carter Dickson's latest thriller, **SEEING IS BELIEVING** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), opens with these words: "One night in mid-summer, at Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire, Arthur Fane murdered a nineteen-year-old girl called Polly Allen. That was the admitted fact."

It is sufficient to add that in the course of the story there turns up a "magnificent figure in flannels and a high-crowned hat of loose woven straw." In other words, that lovable and irascible detective called "H.M." We know then that we are going to be treated so some lurid and wildly improbable memoirs, to some ingenious unravellings and to some swift action. In other words, this is an excellent thriller and one of Mr. Carter Dickson's best.

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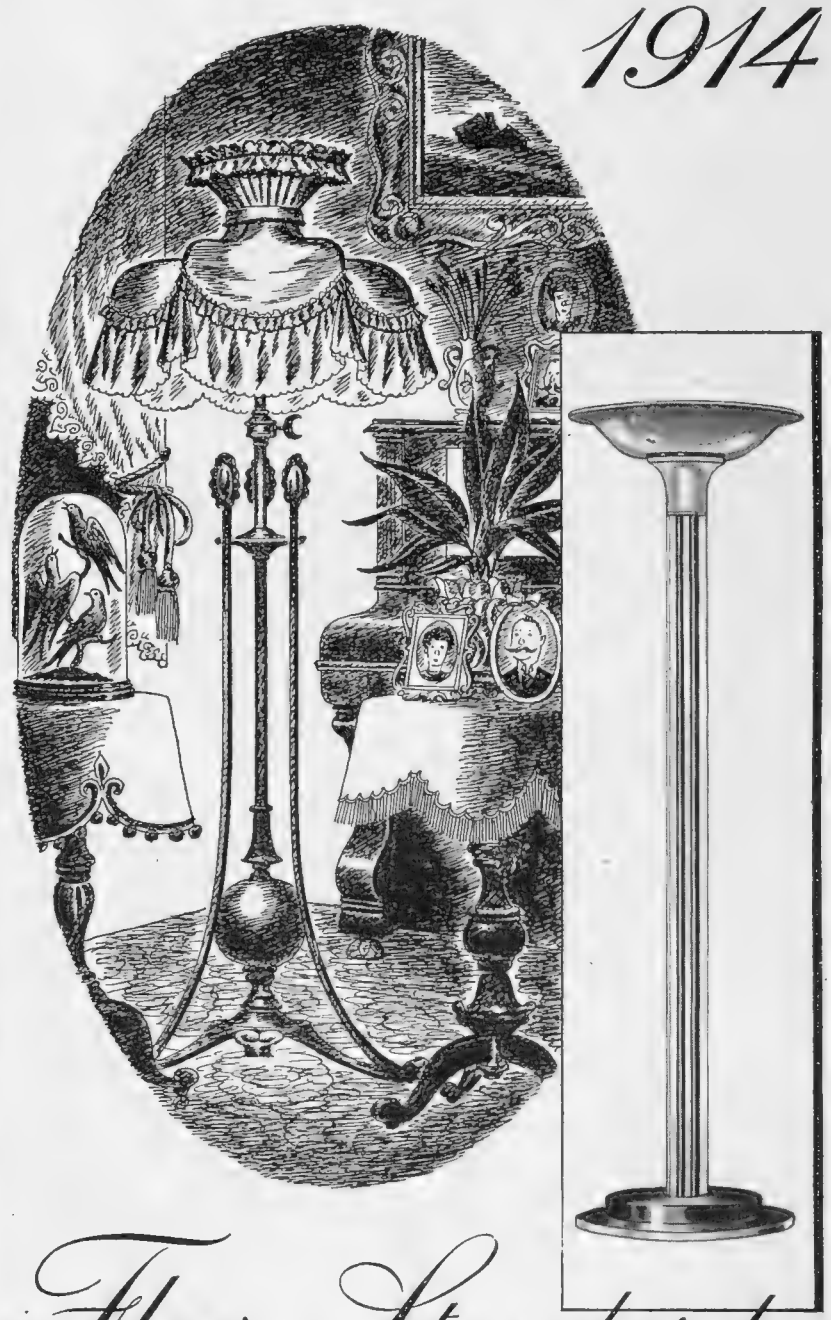

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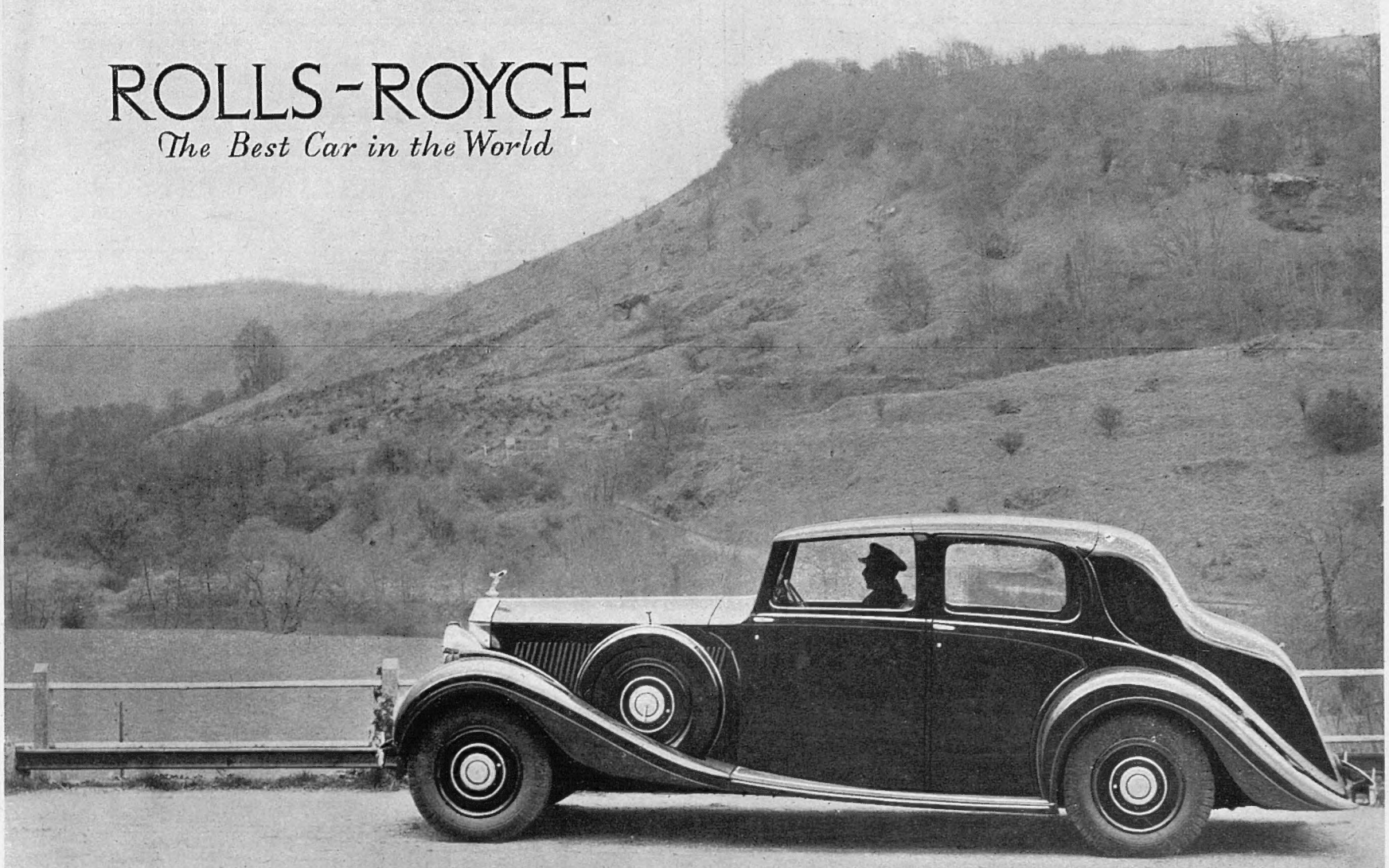

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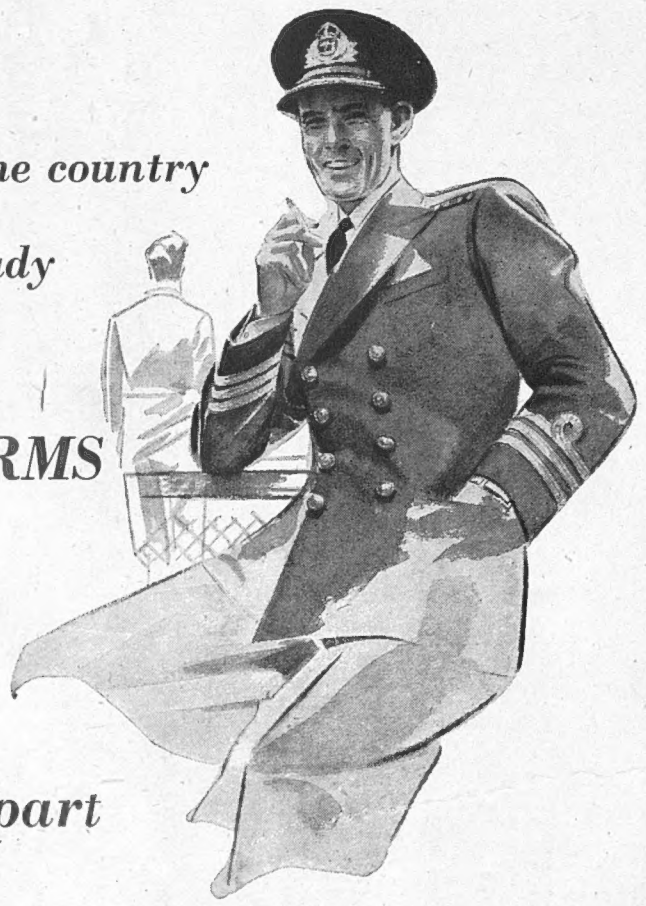

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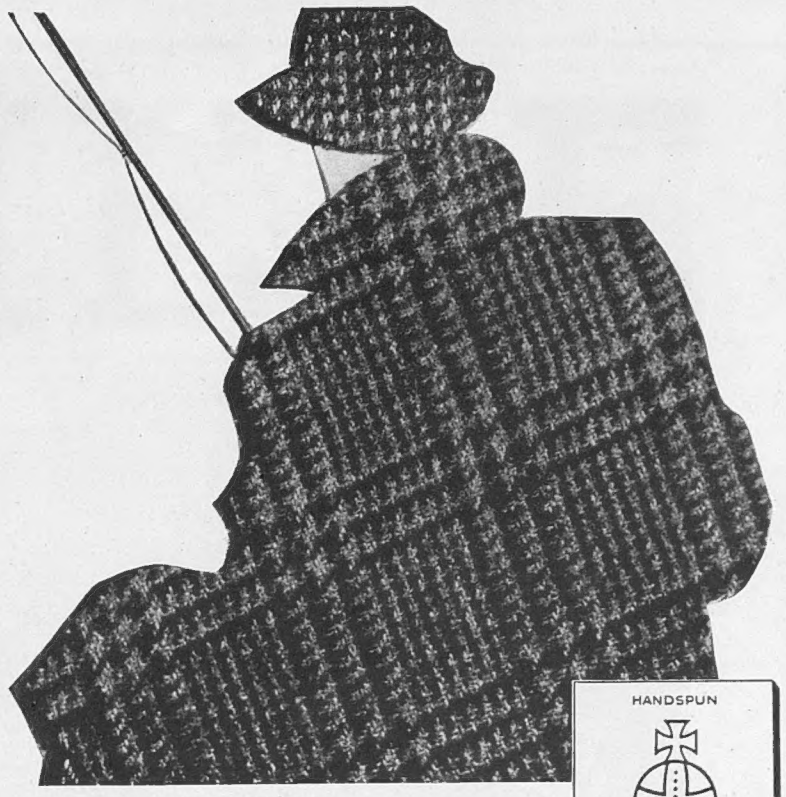


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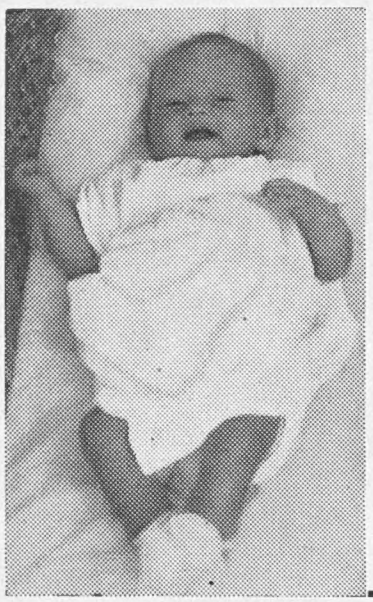

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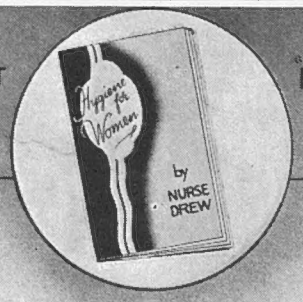


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